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Juliana's Regency Expected To Last Only Few Months

The Hague, Oct. 3.—Queen Wilhelmina of The Netherlands will shortly "temporarily resign" for health reasons in favour of Princess Juliana, who will act as Regent, an official communique said today.

Princess Juliana, who is 38 years of age and the Queen's only daughter, will take over her duties when a bill invoking Article 43 of the Constitution is passed by a joint session of the two Houses of Parliament. The bill is to be introduced shortly.

The 67-year-old Queen, still weak from her recent attack of bronchitis, wished it to be made known that there was no reason for anxiety about her state of health, the communique said. Recently, however, the pressure of state affairs made a complete rest essential.



In this picture can be seen Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, who is temporarily resigning her royal powers, Princess Juliana, who becomes Regent, and two of the Princess's daughters.

Carton De Wiart Retires

London, Oct. 3.—Lieutenant-General Sir Carton De Wiart, the 67-year-old one-eyed, one-armed V. C. of the first World War, has retired from the Army, the London Gazette announced tonight.

Captured by the Italians during the North African campaign, he was released from a prisoner-of-war camp to attend the signing of Italy's capitulation. Shortly afterwards he went to China as Britain's special military representative with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

On the way back to Britain last year, he fell and fractured his spine at Rangoon and travelled the rest of the way in a plaster cast. He has now recovered.—Reuter.

NEW CURE DISCOVERED

London, Oct. 3.—A compound developed during the war to counter the poison gas, lewisite, has proven successful in the treatment of arsenical dermatitis which sometimes follows the treatment for syphilis and may be a cure for other human metal poisonings, the British medical magazine, *Lancet*, reported today.

The compound, called BAP, was discovered by Ministry of Supply researchers and "developed as an antidote to local and systemic damage caused by the contamination of the skin or eyes" by lewisite which is similar to mustard gas but more potent.

"Of the 44 cases studied, 31 or 70 per cent were benefited by the treatment, 23 of them strikingly so. The main duration from the first infection to the time healing was complete was 21 days," said the *Lancet*.—United Press.

EDITORIAL

Wandering Dogs

SOME months ago the police made it known that in future, any dog found wandering in the streets without a collar, would be shot on sight. This struck some dog-owners as being somewhat ruthless and arbitrary, but there was good reason for the order. In increasing numbers stray, half-wild dogs were finding their way from the New Territories into Kowloon and across the harbour and it was found that the incidence of rabies was increasing. The Japanese occupation followed by the early reoccupation period, saw the waning of pre-war controls and regulations governing the movements of dogs in public thoroughfares; they roamed at will, collared, leashed and without muzzles—a constant threat to the unsuspecting pedestrian. Theoretically this has been changed. The regulations requiring that an unaccompanied dog in the street be muzzled, or if taken out put on a lead, have been restored; wherefore it should be reasonably safe for people to walk about the streets. But this is not so, for

Article 43 of the Constitution under which Princess Juliana will assume the duties of Regent, provides for a temporary transfer of authority in the event of the sovereign's absence abroad or illness.

This was made possible in 1922, when the Constitution was revised to enable the Queen to travel abroad.

The Queen has been recuperating at her villa at Scheveningen, and it was recently announced that it was uncertain whether she would attend the public ceremonies next year marking the 50th anniversary of her access to the throne.

A QUEEN AT 10

Queen Wilhelmina has reigned longer than any living sovereign, having become Queen at the age of ten on the death of her father in 1890. Her mother was regent until she came of age in 1898.

In 1901 she married Prince Henry, Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and their daughter, Princess Juliana, was born in 1909. The Princess married in 1937 Prince Bernhard Zu Lippe-Biesterfeld. They have four daughters.

It was learned here tonight that Princess Juliana's Regency is expected to last for only a few months. All rumours that the Regency would continue for several years are entirely without foundation, it was stressed.

It is pointed out that the Queen is suffering from mental fatigue, and a complete rest is all that is required to restore her to health.

The first reaction of the man in the street when the news of the Queen's abdication was first reported, was one of surprise and anxiety for the Queen's health. Extra editions of the newspapers corrected the extreme rumours as well as the confusion caused by some street bulletins saying that the Queen had abdicated.

"The Queen's popularity has never been more evident.... After all nobody here more deserves a rest than the Mother of our people," was one typical comment.

"The Queen's daughter will carry out her new duties with the same devoted sense of duty shown by Queen Wilhelmina," was another comment.—Reuter.

Attack On Britain And U.S.

Policy In Greece

Lake Success, Oct. 3.—The United Nations Political Committee today resumed the general debate on the Balkans issue with a long statement by M. Dmitri Manuilsky, of Ukraine, vehemently attacking Britain and the United States for what he called their "illegal intervention" in Greece.

If some countries complained of the alleged support given to Greek democratic forces by Greece's northern neighbours, how much more should they complain at the help given by Britain and the United States to "the reactionary Right Wing Greek forces," he declared.

"The only solution of the Greek problem is—1. The immediate evacuation of foreign troops. 2. A ban on any Government sending military aid to Greece. 3.—Give the Greek people an opportunity to solve their own problems without foreign interference."

The New Zealand delegate, Sir Carl Berendsen, said that he would support the United States resolution for the establishment of a "watch-dog" commission on the Greece borders.

SPAARK'S POSER

M. Paul Henri Spaak, the Belgian Foreign Minister, posed the fundamental problem—"Is the Greek Government legal and legitimate?" Belgium believed that it was, therefore Greece was entitled to ask the United Nations for help and the United Nations was obliged to offer such assistance, he said.

There was nothing to support the view that the presence of British troops in Greece constituted a threat to international peace. "which might not be the best political method," had resulted in establishing a more liberal Government, he said. He asked whether, if the United States were really preparing for imperialist action in Greece, as the Russians accused, would they also propose a Balkans investigating commission which might interfere with such alleged intervention?

The debate was adjourned until tomorrow at 4 p.m. GMT, when Egypt and the United States will be among the speakers.—Reuter.

Dilwara Stoker Drowned

Colombo, Oct. 3.—The body of a British stoker, William Muffet, of the transport Dilwara, who was drowned yesterday, was washed ashore here this morning.

Muffet and another stoker, Thomas Anderson, went sea bathing last evening at a dangerous spot opposite the Government Secretariat Building.

When Muffet was carried away by the current, Anderson swam to his rescue and also got into difficulties, but a crowd on the beach, which included many servicemen, threw a tow rope and rescued him. All efforts to rescue Muffet failed.—Associated Press.

Britain Willing To Trade With Russia

Liverpool, Oct. 3.—Mr Harold Wilson, the President of the Board of Trade, said here tonight that the Government was "ready and anxious" to re-establish sound trade relations with Russia.

"If an agreement could be reached in the trade negotiations between the two countries, it would be a real contribution, not only to their own overseas trading, but to the economic restoration of the whole world."

Britain's youngest Cabinet Minister told the Liverpool Branch of the Institute of Export that, although his two visits to Moscow as leader of the British trade delegation did not produce an agreement, "it did not feel that they were wasted."

"Our own economic systems are essentially interdependent and complementary," he declared. Britain needed food and raw materials, particularly grain and timber; the Soviet Union equally needed British industrial products, especially capital equipment so necessary for the rehabilitation of her war-shattered industries and the development of her natural resources.

"It has been our aim and it is still our aim to develop a long-term market in the Soviet Union."

ORR'S FOOD WARNING

Washington, Oct. 3.—Sir John Boyd Orr, Director General of the Food and Agricultural Organisation, declared today: "Only a concerted national and international action in all economic fields" could avert the worst ever food crisis this winter.

In an 83-page report, due to be delivered to the United Nations General Assembly within the next few days, Sir John warned that "unless additional steps are taken by both exporting and importing countries to mobilise more food, the calories intake in deficit countries will fall below even the unsatisfactory level of recent months."

He continued: "National and international efforts to make the best use of available supplies and increase next year's harvests must be continued and intensified. But such measures in themselves are not enough. The world's economy is so intermeshed that actions and situations in other fields profoundly affect production and distribution."

He instanced the output of farm machinery and fertilisers but laid special emphasis on sharing prices and inflation, though he did not mention any particular country.—Reuter.

Mission On The Way

Calcutta, Oct. 3.—The six-man Parliamentary Mission to China, headed by Lord Ammon, arrived in Calcutta today. The mission, which is on a goodwill visit, will leave for Nanking tomorrow.—Reuter.

DODGERS WIN AND TIE WORLD SERIES

Thrilling Baseball At Ebbets Field

New York, Oct. 3.—Brooklyn Dodgers today won a thrilling 3-2 victory over New York Yankees at Ebbets Field in the fourth game of the 1947 World Series, thus making a tie 2-2.

Big Floyd Bevens, lanky Yankee righthander, set a new World Series record when he pitched eight consecutive hitless innings as the Yankees held to one lead over the Dodgers. It seemed almost certain that the Yanks were likely to clinch the game.

However, the nine-inning run by the Dodgers gave them the final victory in the game.

The Dodgers in winning by a 3-2 score pulled off one of the most amazing triumphs in Series history. After miserably losing the first two games to the Yankees, the Dodgers have now roared back to even it up at two victories apiece.

Bevens, nevertheless, set a new World Series record of pitching the most consecutive hitless innings, wrestling the laurels from the Yankees' Red Ruffing who went seven innings against the Cardinals in 1942.

Bevens also tied the World Series record for walks with nine, tying the mark made by Jack Coombs of the Athletics. If ever there was a World Series game packed with thrills, excitement and pathos, this was it. For the Dodgers they brilliantly fought their way back into the Series.

If they win the title it will mark the first time in baseball history that a contender has dropped the opening two games yet come back to win the Series.

Today's score was:
New York Yankees 2 0 1
Brooklyn Dodgers 3 2 2
Yankees: p. Bevens; c. Beria.
Dodgers: p. Taylor, Gregg (1st), Brubaker (8th), Casey (9th); c. Edwards.
Winning pitcher: Casey.
Losing pitcher: Bevens.—United Press.

Atomic Energy Development

London, Oct. 3.—Britain is five years ahead of the United States in atomic research and within five years will have its electricity generators driven by atomic energy, the Daily Graphic said today quoting "one of Britain's foremost atomic experts."

In its lead story, an unnamed scientist reportedly said: "Electric power on grid will be provided by atomic energy much sooner than the world generally expects. It will be difficult to say in exactly what year we will start the change-over, but it certainly will take place in less than five years from now."

The Graphic said American scientists visiting Britain "have been surprised at the way the country has harnessed atomic energy to industry."—United Press.

TWO KILLED IN FRACAS

Kingston, Jamaica, Oct. 3.—Two men were killed and 11 injured in a political clash here last night. The injured were taken to hospital.

Tension was recently reported between the Jamaican Labour Party, led by Alexander Bustamante, and the Socialists, led by Norman Manley.—Reuter.

2,000 Screaming Jews Arrive At Haifa

Jerusalem, Oct. 3.—More than 2,000 angry, screaming Jewish refugees, packed like sardines into the 1940-ton illegal ship Northland—renamed the Jewish State—docked in Haifa today, with the arriving Jews shouting, "They used tear gas."

The Jews lined the rails of the Northland as her British naval escort brought her into Haifa's inner harbour and they chanted: "Spain, Germany, Greece—England, too!"

Unlike refugees from the Northland's sister ship, the Paducah—renamed Redemption—Jews aboard the Northland shouted, "They used tear gas," in obvious reference to the British naval boarding party. On the dock, a British Army

loudspeaker announced to arrivals: "Tomorrow morning you will be taken to Cyprus. You will remain on your ship until then."

This set off a wailing chorus from the ship: "We want to go to Jerusalem!"

As a first aid crew brought the body of a dead two-year-old child from the ship, an elderly Jew shouted in Italian that the baby had died from tear gas, but Palestine government officials attributed the death to the terrible congestion aboard ship.

In contrast to last night's orderly transhipment, there was a deafening chorus of voices interspersed with deep charge blasts. The shouts increased as the ship neared the dock and loud greetings were exchanged with the 700 still aboard the Redemption.

Mr Amery Is Put On A Spot

Brighton, England, Oct. 3.—

The 3,000 delegates to the Conservative Party's three-day annual conference here will tomorrow discuss a carefully worded motion designed to put into proper perspective today's dramatic incident when a young delegate intervened in a debate on Empire unity to make a fiery speech involving India and Palestine and warning of "subversive foreign influences" in the Commonwealth.

Proposing an amendment to a broad Empire unity resolution, which had been supported by Mr Leopold S. Amery, former Secretary for India, the delegate, Mr Andrew Fountaine, denounced the Labour Government for transferring power "to an India that did not wish it, apart from a minority that had been got at by Communist influences."

Several members of Mr Winston Churchill's "Shadow Cabinet" were later in consultation over Mr Fountaine's speech, after it had been decided to defer his amendment, which was an appeal to rout out "ever-increasing subversive influences" in Britain and the Dominions—until tomorrow, when it could be taken as a separate resolution.

At one point during the morning's scene, Mr Amery was placed in the position of having to say whether he agreed with Mr Fountaine's amendment being added to the main motion, which he had seconded.

PROFOUNDLY REGRETTABLE
In more than one quarter, there was regret, however, that the last Conservative Secretary of State for India, even by an unforeseen circumstance, should have been linked with the incident in any sense.

It was disclosed that Mr Fountaine's sudden intervention was entirely unexpected. Mrs Horwood, Strickland, the Chairman, had just decided to close the debate on Empire policy when the excited young man spoke up on a point of order.

"Unfortunately" and "profoundly regrettable" were among the descriptions applied to the speech by Party leaders.

It is expected that tomorrow's discussions will be safeguarded by some careful formula of words that will indicate to the world how today's interrupter stood in relation to the official motion.

The speaker will undoubtedly reaffirm the Party's broad philosophy on Commonwealth association.

It is hoped tomorrow's debate will close the incident.—Reuter.

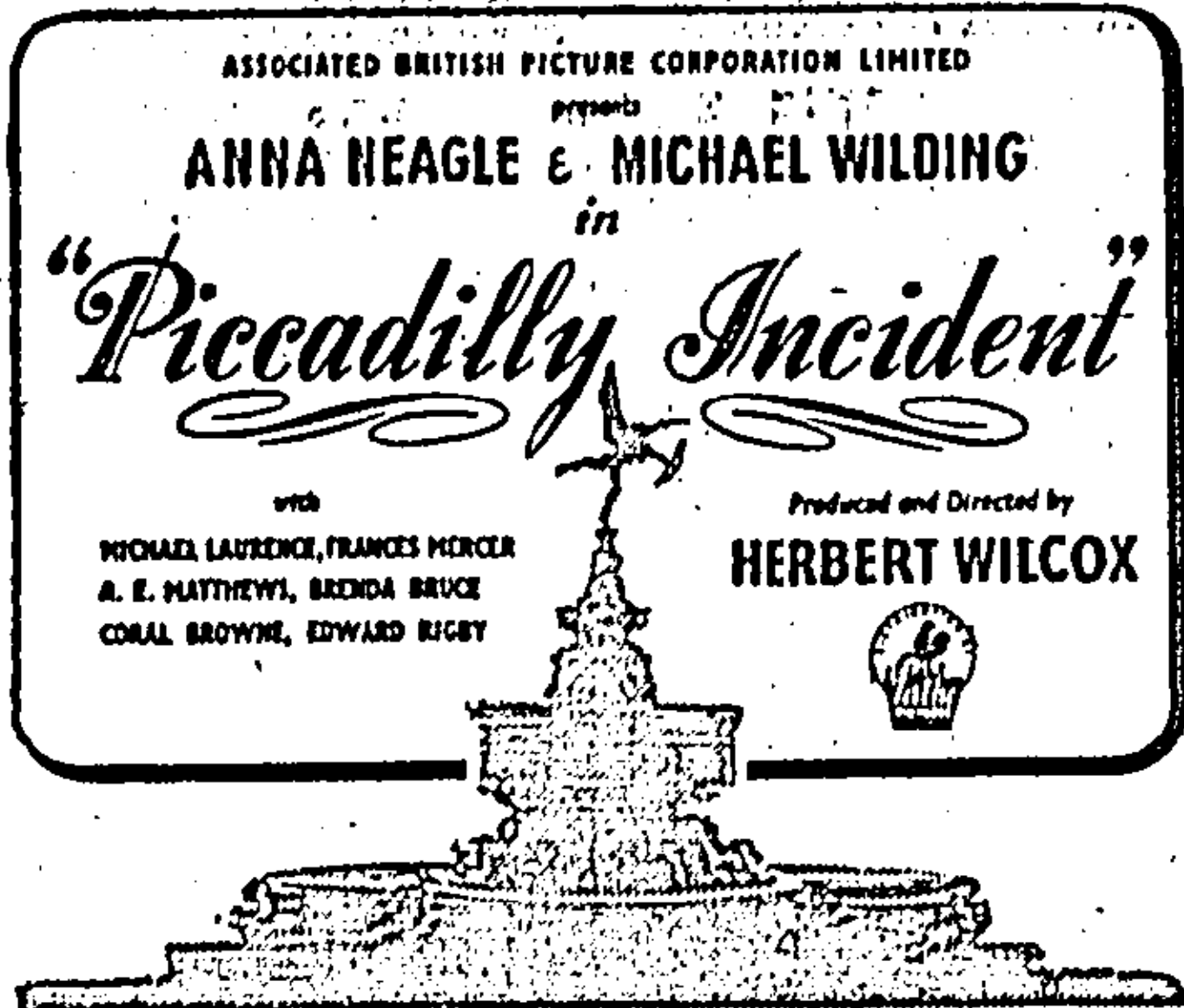
Many of today's arrivals wore blue shirts and khaki shorts, resembling those worn by their own communal settlers in Palestine—probably sent from there. The refugees were of all ages, but an overwhelming number were young. When the loud speaker announced, "The Jewish Agency will deliver your messages" to relatives, "You can elect a five-man committee to deal with food," the refugees declined.—United Press.

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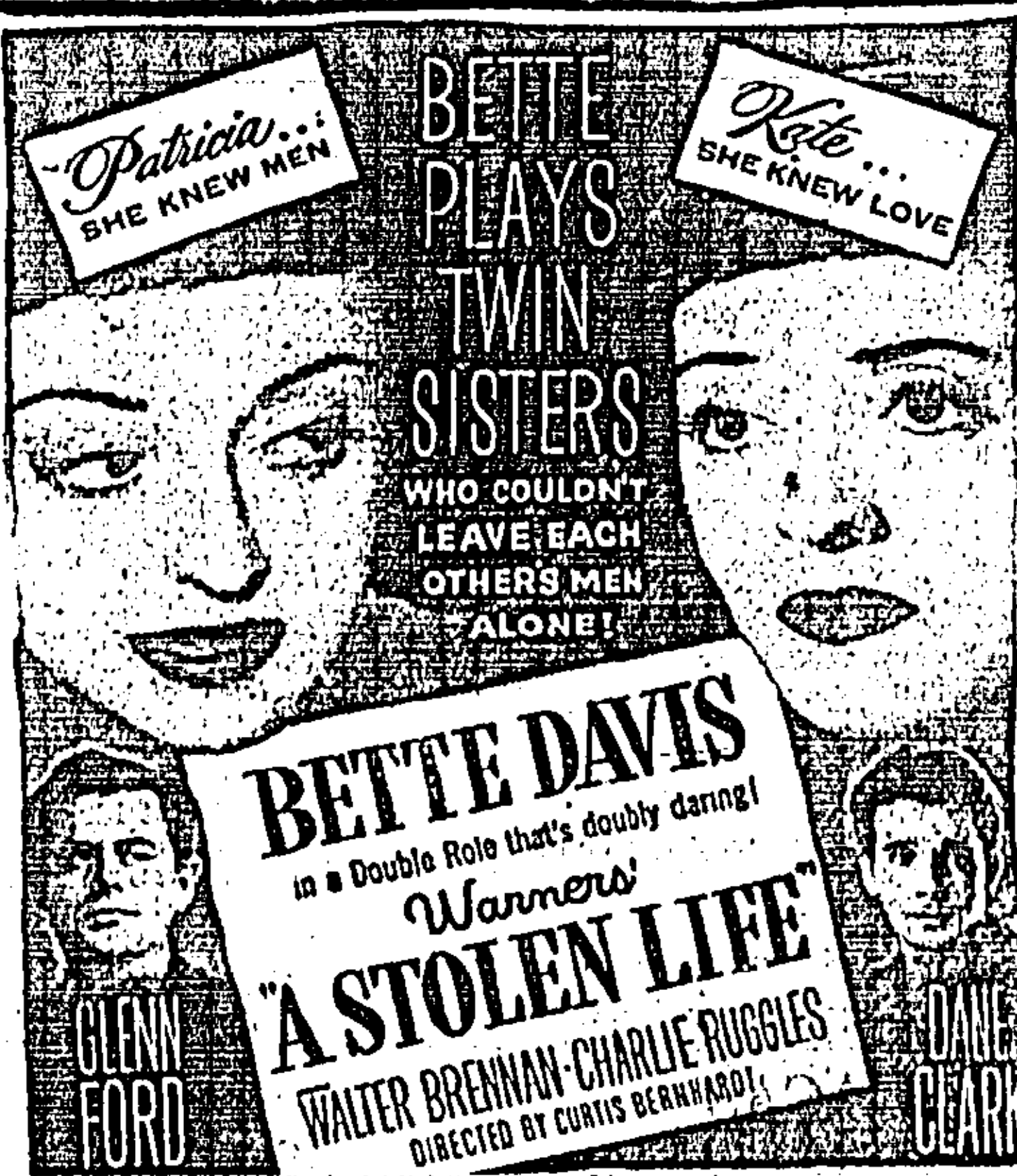
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RITA HAYWORTH IN LONDON WITH HER PARIS CLOTHES



Colbert joins the trek to Britain

By DAVID LEWIN

LONDON: FOUR more Hollywood stars are coming to Britain. Margaret O'Brien; Joan Fontaine; Douglas Fairbanks jun (to play Sir Lancelot in a story of King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table); and Claudette Colbert.

Why do American stars want to make pictures in Britain? Because they like working in our studios—the atmosphere is more friendly than in Hollywood; because British films have ideas and call for acting intelligence; and because American film executives think it is a way of keeping the British market open to their own productions.

There may be another reason, of course. They mostly get paid in dollars.

son, wife of Michael Redgrave; West End actress Jessica Tandy; and unknown Valerie Cardew, aged 19; it's her first film part.

WEST END guessing game: How old are the Borstal boys in the "Boys in Brown" now playing at the Duchess—which is being considered for films along with the original cast? Answer: Average age is over 30, and five of the "boys" were majors in the Burma campaign.

"NANOOK OF THE NORTH." Robert J. Flaherty's famous silent picture study of Eskimo life, is being reissued—25 years after it was first shown.

THREE English actresses get parts with Charles Boyer in his latest film, "Mortal Coils." Rachel Kemp-

BRITISH film studios are looking back for their stories—working now on Edgar Wallace's "The Calendar" (1929), Mary Webb's "Precious Bane" (1924).

OUT of eight hours' work a day on a film, British directors aim to get one minute 45 seconds actual screen time. On the "So Evil My Love" set at Denham, director Lewis Allan, "trained" in Hollywood, averages two minutes 10 seconds.

In American, screen-time from a day's shooting is as high as three and a half minutes. British director David MacDonald, making "Snow-bound," with Robert Newton, says he has reached that time by "really working fast." His average: two minutes 15 seconds a day.

On a big film, screen time means £1,000 a minute.

STAR-QUOTES

Question To

PAULETTE GODDARD

"How do you keep your figure?"

She Answers:



THE day of rigid dieting, in my opinion, is passed. It will not endanger my health, for I can keep my figure trim mostly by exercise. However, I don't eat potatoes when I eat bread and vice versa. I have a diet of fruit, milk, and a bit of fruit. Whenever I feel I have had more than my share of calories in a meal, I take a long walk.

Here's my diet. Breakfast: fresh or stewed fruits, black coffee, coffee cake or the like. Luncheon: a vegetable or fruit salad and a glass of milk. Mid-afternoon: Another glass of milk or buttermilk and a bit of fruit. Dinner: meat, fish or fowl with two or three different green vegetables. Three times a week I allow myself a baked potato... but I eat no bread with my dinner at any time.

Gym Visits

When I am not working on a picture I play a lot of golf and tennis, and I swim every day. But when I am working before the cameras—and lately I have been working very hard on my two new Paramount pictures, "Suddenly It's Spring," co-starring Fred MacMurray, and Cecil B. DeMille's "Unconquered," in Technicolor, with Gary Cooper—I have no time for these sports so I pay daily visits to the studio gym where Jim Davies helps me to keep my figure in shape.

Under Jim's guidance I go through a series of exercises for half an hour after I finish work in the evening. Then he gives me a massage, and I go into the steam cabinet for 15 or 20 minutes. After my dinner at home I go for a brisk walk and then to bed. When a star is working she keeps early hours, and plenty of rest is necessary. Taking one of the best exercises in the world and I do a lot of it.

(Monday—Sunny Tufts)

The famous film star wearing the new nearly-down-to-the-ground length—which Paris is trying to popularise for daytime. She bought it in Paris. In black silk, it had an off-shoulder neckline with petalled edge, and a black scarf in the same material which she held across her shoulders. Round her neck she wore a St Christopher medallion.

GLAMOUR IS GONE

By PATRICIA CLARY

Movieland today is dull compared to the glamorous Hollywood of 20 years ago.

Male stars used to trace up and down Hollywood Boulevard in Duesenbergs, Isotta-Fraschinis and Mercedes. Feminine stars paraded in shiny black town cars half a city block long, driven by haughty chauffeurs in livery.

Today, the film stars drive cars fresh off the assembly line. They don't risk their valuable necks peering out in lights over the gate-way to his home, and the clothes he wore made real cowboys blush.

Jack Holt, one of the screen's most handsome and virile heroes 20 years ago, confesses that he mourns the glamour he has seen die.

Mix Advertised

"I remember when Tom Mix was seen everywhere in a pure white car with his name printed on the side," Holt said. "He had 'Tom Mix' pelted out in lights over the gate-way to his home, and the clothes he wore made real cowboys blush."

"In the old days stars gave in more to exhibitionism," Holt said. "They played in public, fought in public and sometimes loved in public—and they did everything colourfully. Whether discreet or not, it certainly made for glamour."

"Nowadays, it seems like stars are more conservative about their private lives than some other people. They work hard, stay home nights and save their money—United Press.

THEATRE Directory

TODAY'S FILMS

KING'S—Piccadilly Incident

(Anna Neagle, Michael Wilding)

QUEEN'S—A Stolen Life (Bette Davis, Glenn Ford)

LEE—Sensations of 1946 (Eleanor Powell, W. C. Fields, Sophie Tucker)

ALHAMBRA—A Stolen Life.

MAJESTIC—Piccadilly Incident.

Somerset Maugham Story Filmed



"THE RAZOR'S EDGE," Darryl F. Zanuck's production of W. Somerset Maugham's latest fiction success, will come to the Queen's Theatre next week. The picture stars Tyrone Power and Gene Tierney. Other leading roles are played by Herbert Marshall, Clifton Webb and Anne Baxter.

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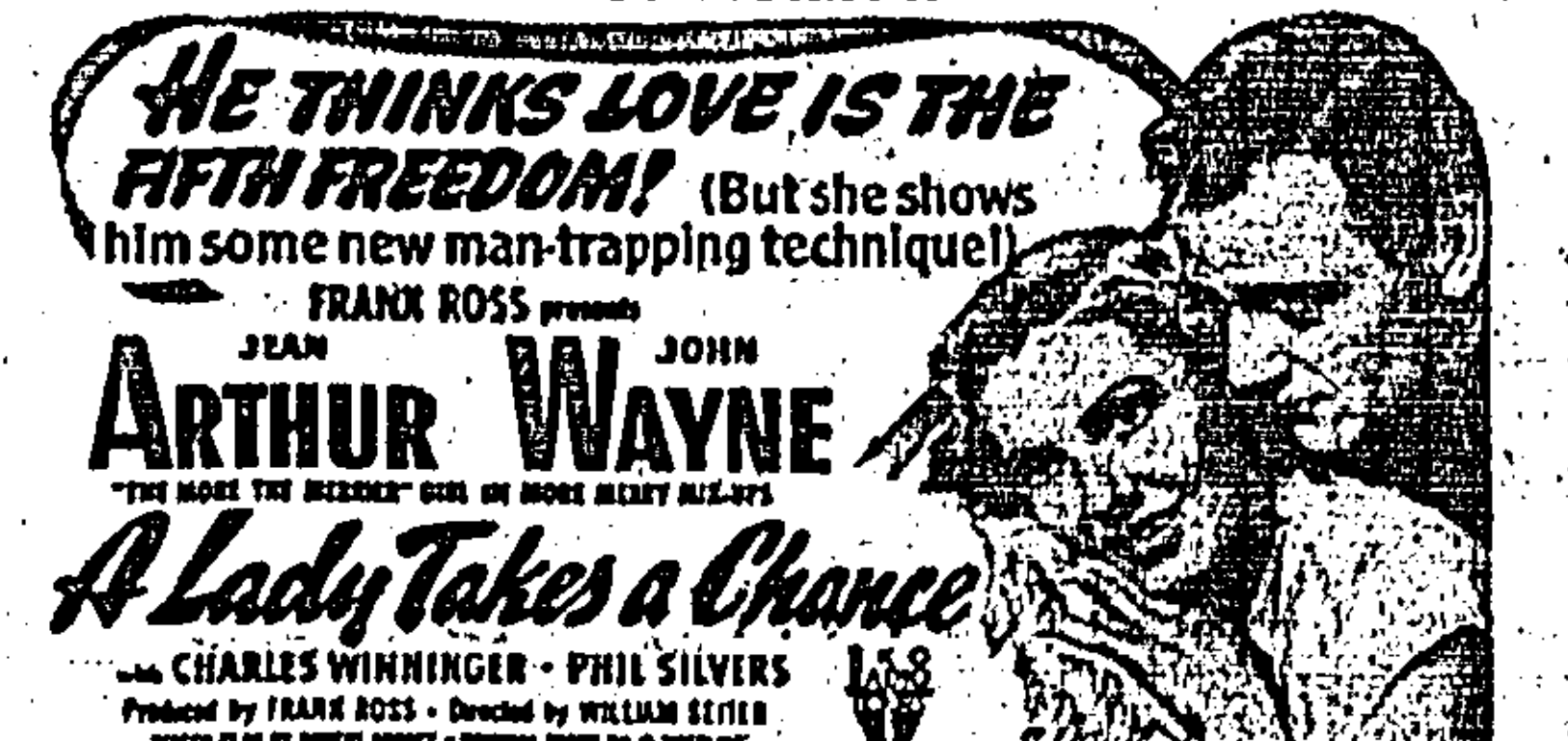
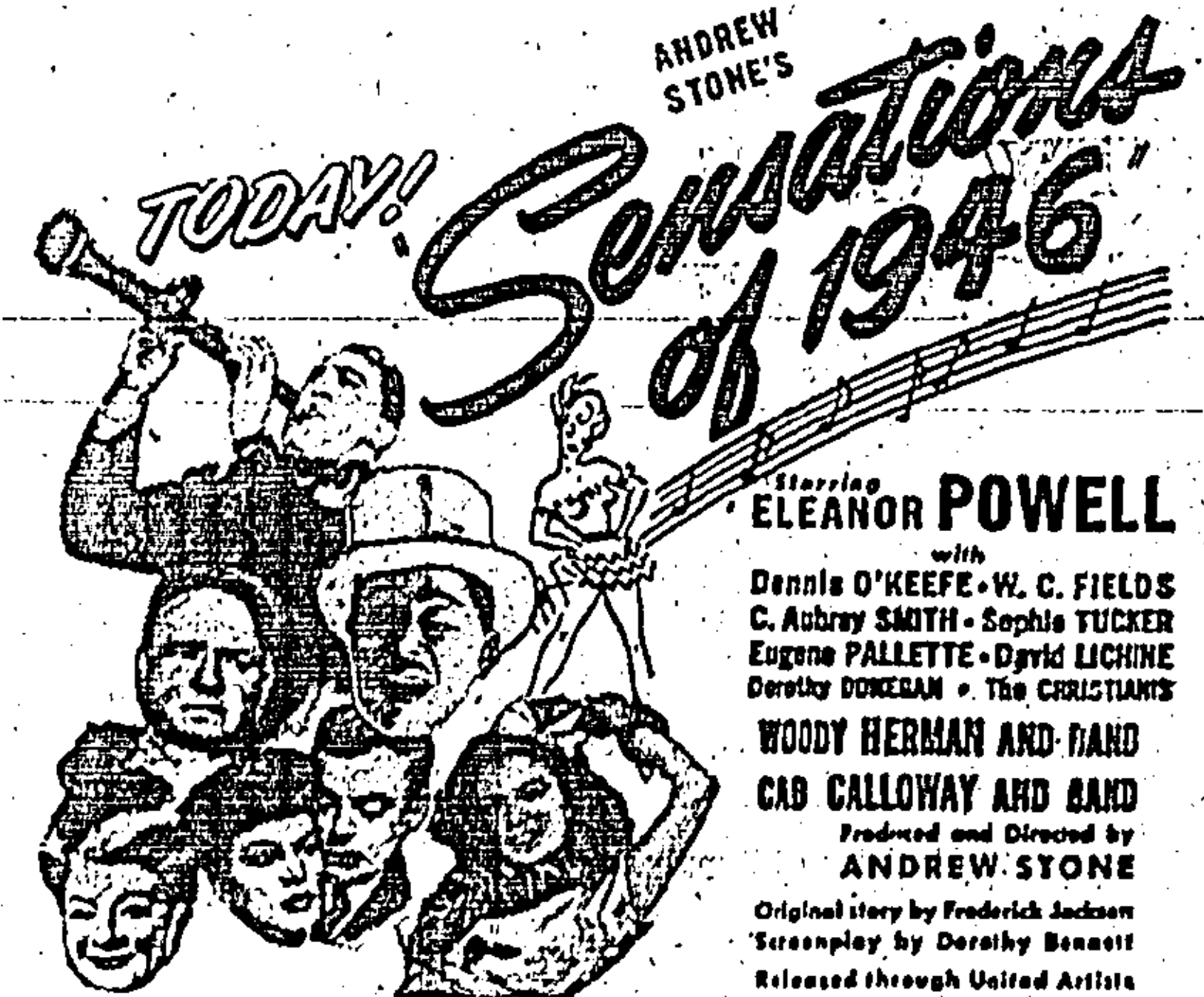
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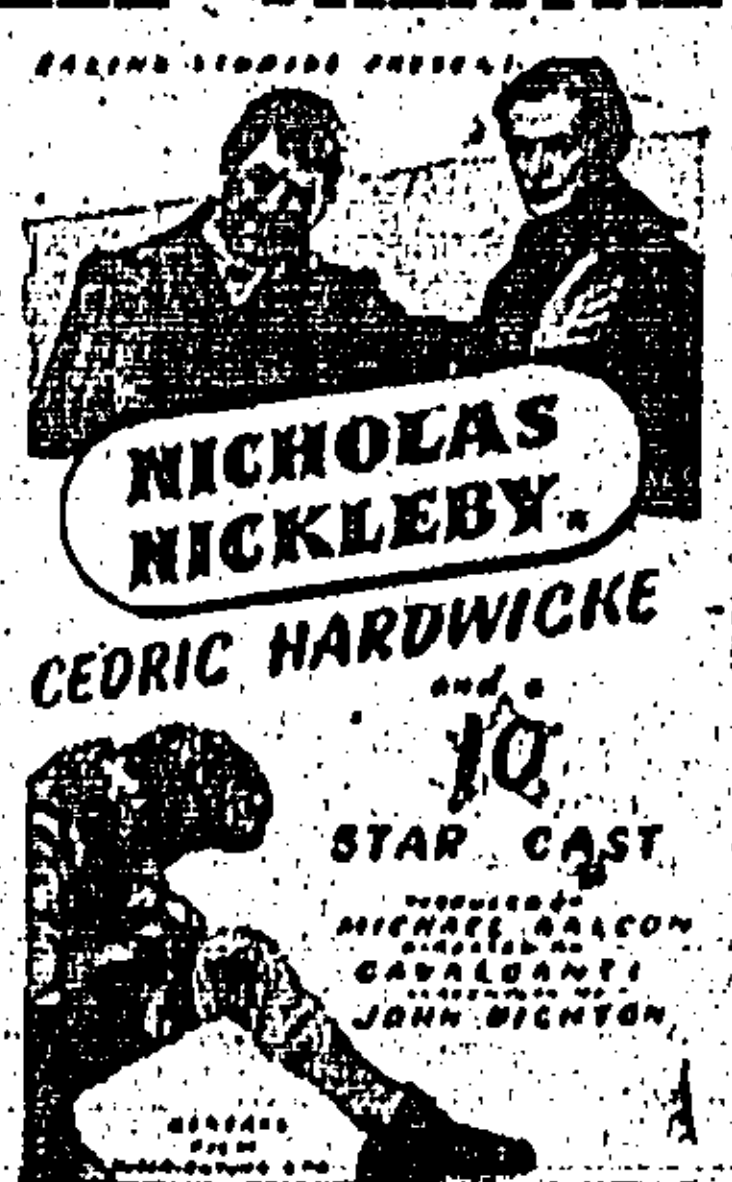
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S. C. M. POST.
H.K. TELEGRAPH.

COMING SOON TO THE LEE THEATRE



The death of the middle classes

SIR HARTLEY SHAWCROSS said the other day: "We do realise acutely the great hardships under which a great many of the people have to live, particularly the middle classes." He is not the only Labour politician to talk in this strain. Mr Herbert Morrison made a similar speech a few weeks ago.

But what is behind these assurances? Some people regard them purely as vote-catching devices, aimed at offsetting the harm done by Mr Shinwell's notorious "tinker's cuss" speech.

We must regard these statements as sincere, but nevertheless it is a fact that many Labour supporters still ardently preach class warfare. Only the other day a trade union leader told a meeting: "We all know we must not say things like Mr Shinwell said in his 'tinker's cuss' speech." Then he added: "Not that we care a tinker's cuss!"

Class hatred against the middle classes is based upon envy. Some members of the working classes believe the middle classes enjoy an excessive share of the good things of life.

In the past there may have been some truth in this contention. Today the situation has changed entirely.

As recent correspondence in the papers has shown, many middle-class people are today enduring hardship for which little or no regard is given by those politicians who so harshly criticise. They are mainly people whose pay has stood still but whose expenses have increased.

Yet despite this state of affairs, they continue to shoulder the biggest burden in taxation.

We all see, in our everyday lives, examples of enormous increases in prices since the war. A packet of cigarettes that used to cost 1s, now costs 3s. 4d. Men's suits that formerly cost from £6 to £12 now cost £20, £30, and even £40. A chicken which before the war cost from 6s. to 8s. now costs from 10s. to £1.

The average weekly pay-pocket of the working classes has increased by 65 per cent, and the cost of essential foods has increased by only 22 per cent, but prices of other commodities have risen by amounts varying from 70 to 117 per cent.

Why has food not similarly increased in price? The answer is—because the Government have subsidised it to the extent of £347 million a year. How? From the taxes paid by the middle classes.

by Sir Graham CUNNINGHAM

a member of the new Economic Planning Board. Sir Graham was the wartime Controller-General of Munition Production at the Ministry of Supply; he is now the chairman and managing director of Triplex Safety Glass.

This figure represents approximately £17 10s. per head of the working population of twenty million. In other words, had there been no subsidy, every breadwinner would have had to pay £17 10s. a year more for his food, but it is not every one of the working population who pays £17 10s. for the food subsidy.

The heaviest part of taxation is being borne to-day by the middle-classes. Let us say, for the sake of argument, that they embrace five million of the breadwinners mentioned above. Then, instead of every breadwinner paying his own £17 10s., the middle-class breadwinners have paid £70 each. (This figure is, of course, very rough, and is intended purely to illustrate my argument.)

SUPPOSING, as some people would like, the burden of taxation on the middle classes increased still further, what would happen? It might well be that they would be forced out of existence. Already many middle-class fathers have such heavy obligations that they cannot, as in the past, afford to train their sons for the professions.

If this process of "squeezing out" the middle classes accelerated, they could rapidly become extinct. In effect, we should then all be reduced to the same common denominator of the working classes.

"Fine!" you may say. "I am heartily in favour." Yes, but remember this: there will be no one to pay that £70 subsidy mentioned above. Everyone will have to pay his own share.

This will apply not only to food but to education, health and all the other public services subsidised by the middle classes either through rates and taxes or through voluntary donations.

SIR HARTLEY SHAWCROSS, in his speech, went on to mention these services: "Our aim—I am not saying we have reached it yet—is to make the State educational system and the State medical service better than anything that can be obtained privately. The middle classes, like the rest of the community, have to pay for these services by taxation. They must be made so good that the middle class will use them in preference to private services for which they have to pay over again."

Without entering into an argument on nationalisation, Sir Hartley's vision of the future does read to me (if he gets his way) like a death-knell for the middle classes, for it presumes a complete standardisation of social life.

This may be a good thing. But I hope that before they go any further those who want to kill off the middle classes will count the cost very carefully. For, if they succeed, they will have to pay all their own bills; there will be no middle classes left to help out by subsidies.

A LETTER FROM AMERICA

Anti-Marshall Plan moves

by GERALD JOHNSON

BALTIMORE. HERBERT HOOVER, the former President, was quoted the other day as saying: "Britain never was in serious danger of defeat, and Japan would not have attacked this country had she not been provoked, therefore the United States might as well have stayed out of the war."

The implication is plain. Hoover believes it was all the fault of Roosevelt, the man who defeated Hoover.

It was a glaring indiscretion if Hoover was quoted correctly, but it represents what a small but powerful faction in this country would like to think.

If the people can be persuaded to believe that Roosevelt led them into a useless war, they may repudiate not only his memory but also his social programme.

Hoover's outburst represents a new form of isolationism now appearing in the United States. It is based on the extreme Conservatives' hatred of Socialism.

Pierce hostilities to the Marshall Plan may be expected from the group. They profess to be willing to vote money for famine relief but not to help a Socialist Government to establish itself firmly in any country.

President Truman has made such efforts to appease this sentiment that he has driven Left wing Democrats led by Henry Wallace into open revolt.

Wallace is now threatening to organise a third party. If this were attempted most observers agree it would assure the election of a Republican.

DOUBTFUL SUPPORT

AMERICAN opinion, exclusive of Zionists, apparently supports the United Nations report on Palestine, but doubtfully and reluctantly.

The report flatly contravenes two trends of American political thought. It advocates partition, whereas the trend in the United States has been steadily toward closer federation. It bases citizenship on religious belief, whereas the organic law of this country forbids political recognition of any religious faith, but guarantees free exercise of all.

Americans are acting out of character in approving partition, especially on religious grounds, and it makes them uncomfortable.

But for lack of anything better, they will probably accept.

HOLIDAY CUT?

UNDER-SECRETARY of State Lovett has issued a grim report on economic conditions in Europe.

DAB... AND FLOUNDER

by Walter



I watched them kill.. I walked away

CAPITAL CITY, 1947...

This moving account of India's tragedy, seen through the eyes of an Indian of no importance, was written by CHRISTINE WESTON, author of the best-seller, *Indigo*. Mrs. Weston was born in India and has spent a large part of her life there.

MY name is Allah Bux. To utter its Moslem syllables sounds like a confession of sin in these days when a man's name—like the cut of his coat, the way he ties his turban, and whether he wears breeches or a dhoti—may decide whether his neighbours will accord him the boon of life or will condemn him to die.

My name is Allah Bux, and I am a totally insignificant person. I live in Calcutta with my wife, Naifsa, in one of those small lanes just off Manonagar, south-east of the Maidan, the great park where the dead viceroys ride their stone chargers across the grass.

I am 50 years old. For 20 years, I have been employed by a large jute company whose offices are on Olive-street, about two miles from where I live. I started work at rupees 15 a month, and now that I am a durwan—a doorman—I receive rupees 35, and there is talk of a further raise if all goes well.

Life Is Precious

If all goes well! And if all does not go well, if I should be killed, what is to become of Naifsa? We have no children and our few relatives are poorer than we are and live far away.

If I should die, what will become of Naifsa? It would be better if we were to die together—yes, that would be much better. That is what we both hope for in our hearts, though we do not speak of it, for life is precious, even at our age, and there is always a chance that things may improve, that sanity may return to our world, and that we may be permitted to live out our appointed time.

Nevertheless, I am, haunted by concern for Naifsa, whom I love. Every morning, when we have said our prayers and eaten and I am preparing to set out for my work, Naifsa clings to me and begs me to be careful.

"And you," I reply, "you, Naifsa, be careful also. Don't go out of the house until I come home. Don't answer a knock on the door unless you are sure it is one of our friends."

Keep the windows barred and the curtains drawn. I shall be back at the usual time.

"But if you should not return at the usual time?"

"Then wait for me."

"But if I should wait and still you do not return?"

"I shall return," I tell her firmly, and we look into each other's faces, and part. Out on the street, I stand for a moment and gaze at my house, which is small and shabby and has a flat roof, where we sit in the evenings and where Naifsa knows she must go if ever there is trouble in the street.

Gazing at it, I am reminded of a thousand rooftops where women have gathered when their homes were stormed, and where they have died when their houses were burned from under their feet, or where their enemies came and found them.

Hindus and Sikhs and Moslems have always lived on this street, their children have played together on the doorsteps, their women have visited and gossiped after the fashion of women all over the world, and I have walked with my neighbours on my way to work.

But now, when I say good-bye to Naifsa, I stand looking at my house and then I turn and glance up and down the street, and I feel that I have been alienated from a place and people familiar to me for 20 years.

Doors and windows that have always stood open to the air now remain shut and impenetrable. A Sikh or a Hindu approaches me, I turn aside to avoid his glance, and I know that what is passing in my mind is passing in his also, and that each of us is wondering when he will be called upon to act.

No Longer Safe

I WALK down the street in the direction of Chowringhee, avoiding the old short cuts, because they are no longer safe. Avoiding short cuts, avoiding that figure and that pair of eyes, thinking of Naifsa, I come at last to the great thoroughfare of Chowringhee and mingle with the crowd, and when I reach the corner near Hall and Anderson's I cross the street to the Maidan. For some reason I always feel better when I reach the Maidan, perhaps because of the sense of space and air.

An American sahib into whose department my duty sometimes takes me asked me once whether I had witnessed any of the events of August when Hindus and Moslems slaughtered each other by the thousand on the streets of Calcutta.

I explained that I had neither seen nor heard anything, since I happen to live in an outlying neighbourhood, one that has so far escaped all but the echo of horror.

It is true that although a sense of falling is everywhere—a sense of bleeding, a sense of burning—I myself have seen almost none of it. But I have been told of my friends' experiences, and I have read accounts and seen pictures in newspapers and in the propaganda leaflets published by the rival communities.

A Bad Dream

THESE photographs are all alike—they are and their captions—differing only in the identity of the victims.

When I tell this to the American sahib, he smiles. "Well, maybe this trouble is a dream after all, Allah Bux," he says. "All these stories of women and children being burned alive, these forced conversions, the rape, the destruction, the loot."

"Maybe this damned curfew, and the buses being too scared to come to work, and all the delays and hold-ups and loss of time and money and the effect on my temper are all due to somebody's having had a bad dream in the night."

"Now, Allah Bux, will you kindly go and find that chuprassie and ask him why in thunder he forgot to take these letters to the post office, and tell him what's going to happen to him when he wakes up?"

Like most Americans, the sahib is genial, and it is not difficult to talk to him. He is inquisitive and never hesitates to ask questions, even questions that he must know will embarrass me. "Whose at the bottom of this go-down, Allah Bux? Your crowd or the other? Or do you just take turns? Come on. You know I won't say anything."

I answer carefully, reaching always for the truth, which God knows

is difficult enough, even when one thinks one knows it.

I tell him what the Hindus did to the Moslems in Bihar, and when I have finished, he gives a short laugh and tells me that he has heard what the Moslems did to the Hindus in Lahore. We look at each other, then he shakes his head and says, "What the hell, Allah Bux! Here we are, you and I, two reasonable law-abiding people, talking of such things. No good!"

He is a kind man and he means well, but he doesn't understand. He doesn't understand what it feels like to watch an old acquaintance come to town you through the gate of a deserted lane, to see him hesitate and reach into his breast while your own fingers clench on the handle of the knife at your belt.

Where Are The Police?

FOR all his kindness the sahib cannot feel as I do when I listen to the tales told me by people whose families have been burned alive in the buses, or mutilated, or mysteriously lost.

The sahib asks me what the police are about that they don't put down the lawlessness. The police! How can I make him understand that in our country a man is first a Moslem, or a Sikh, or a Hindu, and only then a policeman? When I tell him this, he shakes his head and says, "You're all equally bad, Allah Bux. You're hopeless. Talk!"

Yesterday, when I walked to work, the sun was more than usually hot. Streets, walls, the sky itself seemed turned to brass.

The night before last, there had been trouble on Chowringhee, and some of the glide streets were still barred by steel helmeted police. For this reason, I was compelled to take an unfamiliar route, and so approached my destination from the south, skirting the areas that were devastated in last year's riots.

Eventually, I walked up a street that I know must take me to Dalhousie-square, from which it is no distance to Olive-street. Everything seemed normal; people were walking or bicycling to their work; buses and taxis were rushing to and fro, the coloured turbans of the Sikh drivers looking like flowers in the sun.

A Knife... A Stab

PRESENTLY, it seemed to me that the crowd had thinned out and that I had come upon a sort of island on the sidewalk, and there I noticed two men standing beside a door, not ten paces away.

There was no scuffle, no warning of what was about to happen, before I saw one of the men lift his right arm and bury a knife deep in the neck of the second man, a man in a light blue shirt, who staggered up to the hit, and saw, the stricken man fall, slowly, as though hesitating, his hands groping toward the ground.

I had come to a stop and was so interested in watching the man fall that I forgot to look at the one who had stabbed him. I forgot to notice anything else—indeed, I saw nothing else—only that figure slowly collapsing toward the pavement.

Then I lowered my umbrella so that it shielded my face, and, crossing the street, I made my way quickly to the square and from there to the jute company.

That morning I did not speak to anyone of what I had seen, but later in the day the American sahib sent for me on some business, and when I was preparing to leave his presence, he stopped me, saying, "What's the matter, Allah Bux? You look sick."

I had not meant to tell him. I had, in fact, intended to keep the matter entirely secret, even from Naifsa, and thus, in a fashion from myself also, for I know that words lend a reality to events that might otherwise fade and be lost in forgetfulness.

Yet, when the sahib spoke to me in his kind voice, I replied without hesitation: "This morning when I was coming to work, sir, I saw a man killed."

"What was it—an accident?"

"No, sir, it was no accident. It was murder. One man lifted a knife, like that, and sank it in the neck of another, like this."

The sahib stared at me for a moment, then he said: "Murder? Who did it—a Hindu or Moslem?"

"That I could not tell," I said. "Both were Indians, but both wore European dress."

"Did the police get the murderer?"

"I don't know, sir. I did not want to see what happened."

"But you say you were there! Didn't you give the alarm? Didn't you try to catch the murderer?"

I said slowly: "Sir, these are terrible times. No one is safe. Safety lies in anonymity, in keeping quiet, in minding one's own business. Let the police attend to it. It is their responsibility, not mine."

"But you told me once that you didn't trust the police!"

(Continued on Page 10)

Grimethorpe Raises A Question...

By ERNEST THURTELL, M.P.

THE Grimethorpe strike has raised, in an acute form, the question of discipline in a nationalised industry.

Trade union theory has never surrendered the right to strike, after due notice given.

It has been held to be the last sacred sanction of organised labour against injustice.

But it is against private employers that this right has been so sturdily maintained.

Is the situation the same when, as in the coal industry, the employer is the nation?

And can the State run industry effectively if the right of the workers to defy its authority with impunity is to be recognised?

Considering the economic crisis and the new austerity brought in its train, the victory is remarkable evidence of the continued strength of the Government's position.

On the other hand, the negligible vote of the worthy Liberal candidate, resulting in the humiliation of a lost deposit, serves once again to show that the day of that party is over.

It may not lie down, but it is dead.

Detected Fewer Criminals

Detectives in England and Wales were less successful in solving crime last year than in 1945.

In their report for the year ended September 29, 1946, His Majesty's Inspectors of Constabulary show that the percentage detected dropped by from one percent in Cardiff to as much as 11.9 percent in Manchester. Liverpool had the lowest percentage of detections, only 23 percent of crimes being cleared up, while Lancashire had the best record with 58.3 percent detected. Kent was next highest with 57.9.

Examining the causes of the drop, the report says detective departments in many cases had not sufficient men to give full attention to crime.

No Strike Disorder

The inspectors say the year was one of transition, and police forces worked under many difficulties. "But disorder and unseemly behaviour in connection with strikes and disputes have fortunately been almost completely absent."

"This can be said of very few countries in the world, if any, and speaks volumes for the common sense and reasonableness of the people of this country and for the friendly relationship which exists between police and public."

In spite of unseasonable forces over such matters as housing, pay and conditions, the inspectors are satisfied that the police service is sound.

MILWAUKEE FINGERPRINTS BARKEEPS

A new Milwaukee city council provision for fingerprinting bartenders when they receive required medical examinations before applying for bartenders' licences has caused rejection of many applicants on grounds of poor health.

The city found some bartenders were obtaining required medical certificates after only perfunctory examinations or having others take the examinations for them. The fingerprinting practice stopped that. Recently, 15 applicants were rejected and 87 others were temporarily rejected by the city health department.

Lung tuberculosis caused 13 of 15 applicants to be rejected. Eight of the 13 had advanced stages of T.B. Of the 87 temporarily rejected, 42 had non-communicable syphilis and others had pyorrhea, trench mouth, and communicable skin diseases. Six were reported just "plain dirty."

Some 3,375 applicants were examined. Examiners found 134 had enlarged hearts, 222 had diseased blood vessels and five had lung tumours.

SIDE GLANCES

By Galbraith



"Remember that 'unavoidable increase' when you sold us that new car? Well, now the same thing has happened to the rent of your suite!"

EVERY SATURDAY

WOMANSENSE

FULL-PAGE FEATURE

OPERA POINTS FASHIONS

BY
CAPTAIN
JACK
MILLER

THE first night of the Vienna State Opera Company at Covent Garden produced every variation of fashion in the uncertain post-war trend. Asymmetrical drapery, bustles, pencil-thin hobbled skirts and bouffant evening gowns were constant only in their manner of being new.

The sketch shows (left to right):

White crepe dress, gathered at bodice and hips;
Cowl-necked black striped taffeta dress with a poplin; Patterned grey and white chiffon dress worn with brilliant red stole;

Bustle-back dress in vivid red, green and blue stripes;

Black net bodice on an emerald green taffeta skirt boldly patterned in black;

Hobbled navy blue crepe dress with white silk epaulettes.

Striped evening gowns are proving as popular as flower-patterned dresses. Accessories—like the evening stole of fur or self-material, and black lace, worn manilla-wise—are becoming a feature of formal first nights. Trend in women's hair styles is to the short and severe.



THE EXPERT IN THE KITCHEN

Try something cool...

by GEORGIE RODGERS-Principal, Good Housekeeping School of Cooking.

A REFRIGERATOR is a great help in planning meals that will save fuel. In this weather, cold meats can be prepared in advance and kept.

Meat and fish in aspic, savoury moulds and galatinas can be made from scraps of left-overs. Vegetable salads are good fare for a hot day.

The refrigerator should be de-frosted once a week. Keep milk and fats tightly covered, or they will absorb flavours from other foods. Cover all strong smelling foods.

Concentrated lemon drink

1½lb. sugar, 1oz. citric acid, ½pt. water, juice and rind of one lemon or lemon essence to flavour.

DISSOLVE the citric acid in a little of the water. Bring the sugar and the rest of the water to the boil. Add the lemon rind and the citric acid and leave until cool. Add the lemon juice or lemon essence to taste. Use one tablespoonful to a tumbler of water.

Economical ice cream

½oz. cornflour or custard powder, ½pt. milk, ½pt. fruit puree, 2oz. castor sugar, 1 teaspoon powder gelatine, 2 tablespoons cream or evaporated milk.

BLEND the cornflour with a little cold milk, boil the rest of the milk and pour on to the cornflour, stirring all the time. Rinse the pan with cold water, then return the cornflour mixture and bring to the

boil. Add the sugar and set aside in a wide basin to cool. Dissolve the gelatine in two tablespoons hot water and stir this and the cream or evaporated milk into the mixture. Pour into the freezing tray and chill in the freezing compartment of the refrigerator, stirring at intervals from the sides of the tray to the middle so that the mixture freezes evenly. Prepare the fruit puree from any fresh fruit and set aside in the refrigerator until quite cold. Blend this with the mixture in the freezing tray and return to the refrigerator until completely frozen.

Fruit in jelly

1pt. lemon jelly, 8 cherries, 1 orange, 8 plums, 4 almonds or other nuts to decorate the mould.

DISSOLVE the jelly in ¾pt. hot water and stir until completely dissolved. Decorate the bottom of a mould with slices of cherry and almonds. Cover with sufficient jelly to set the decoration. Stand in the refrigerator or on ice until this is set. Peel the orange and divide into sections, removing all the white pith and pips. Slice and stone the plums. Arrange alternate layers of fruit in the mould, dipping each piece in jelly first and then covering with jelly and returning to the refrigerator until set. Continue the alternate layers of fruit and jelly until the mould is full. Stand in the refrigerator or a cool place until set. Pour any surplus jelly into a soup plate.

When the jelly is required, turn out on to a flat dish. Chop the jelly on the plate and arrange round the base of the mould, decorate with any segments of the fruit and chopped nuts.

Autumn Hats

by Anne Edwards

THE Paris verdict on hats for the autumn divides them into three main styles:—

(1) The Blinker Cloche: (2) The Alexandra Pillbox: (3) The new East-to-West version of the draped Beret. Most popular Materials: Peach-bloom felt, beaver felts, rich velvet. Colours: Rowan-berry red, purple grape, verdigris green, all shades of grey and plenty of black, too. Trimmings: Whole birds, cock feathers, ospreys, nigrettes, dotted veils, and large bird wings.

Drawn by Robb here are three hats which summarise these main trends:—

1 Blinker Cloche: Covers the right cheek, fits close to the back of the head, sweeps back off the forehead and left side. The downward line is accentuated by a plume of paradise feathers.

2 The Alexandra Pillbox: In long-haired fur felt, it is worn straight on the forehead; is trimmed with a shock of ribbons and wings and chin-strap, dotted veiling covering the face.

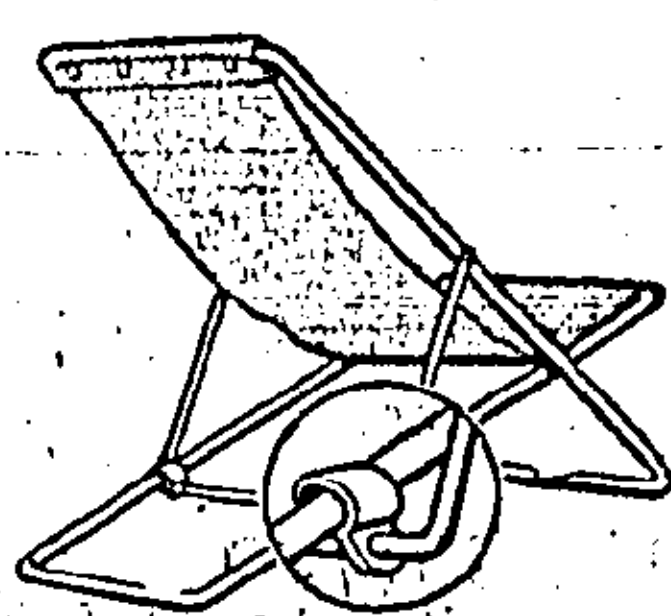
3 Draped Beret: Made from an enormous mushroom-shaped felt, cleverly draped to give a soft line and the sideways width. Trimmings: two birds of paradise emphasise the line of the hat.



Drawn
by
ROBB

IDEAS WORTH BUYING

New bottle warmer that you can plug-in-to-heat baby's bottle or cereal—it's useful when you're staying away.



This deck-chair made of tubular metal. It has no notches, works on a suspension principle, is safer and

less perplexing than the old kind. Safe strap to hook between doors in cars to prevent them flying open.

Coloured cigarettes, eight colours to match your frocks. Kitchen spoon with a weighing device to help you weigh accurately half an ounce or one ounce.

Bottle-opener which unscrews the most stuck-up bottles. "Whiplikwik" egg-beater, the kind you press up and down but it doesn't slip.



Town and Country...

This foundation has stood the test of time! Its users have remained faithful for years. It is protective, wards off dryness, conceals tiny lines and minor blemishes. It gives the skin a youthful dewiness and holds make-up fresh and immaculate for hours. Follow with Peaches-and-Cream Powder...chiffon fine, gently clinging. "Light" for blondes "Dark" for brunettes.

Helena Rubinstein

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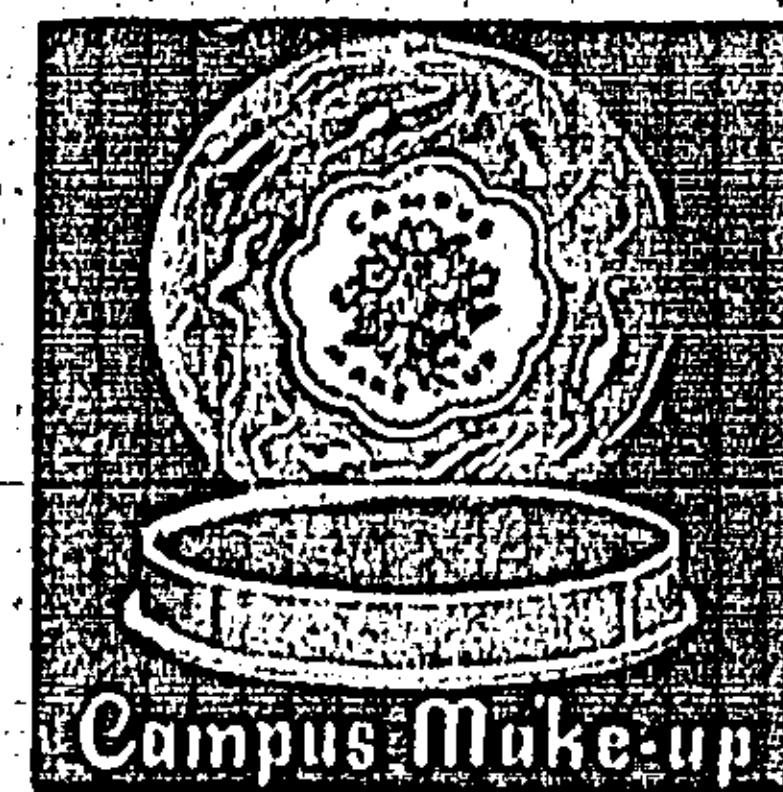
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Cambridge

quotes on the hemline by
ANNE EDWARDS

Doctors back the long skirt

WOMEN in short skirts cannot sit comfortably or without strain in trains or buses. An article in the Medical World, dated October 1942, said: "The injury to health by setting up all sorts of muscle strains is hard to assess. It is likely that sacro-lumbar strain with all its chronic backaches can originate in this way... chronic sciatica is another possibility."

—J. G. BERRY, Cold Harbour Lane, Hayes, Middlesex.

"Women always urge me against a fashion just before they wear it." —JAMES MASON, in New York.

"I am all for the long skirts. I'd much rather people wondered than know who her I had nice legs or not." —M. A. Y. MAYNARD, Ennismore Gardens, S.W.7.

"History shows that every time women accept tight waists there's a tighten-up on morals, too."

"Poor Woman! She is the dupe of a foolish mode, the victim of a silly fashion. She may bring man to his reluctant knees again if she will only cover her own!" —JAMES DOUGLAS, Daily Express, February 9, 1928.

"Give the women longer skirts... then they won't be able to get 'hopping mad!'"

"Surely it doesn't use extra material... what they've added on the hem they've taken off the top."

"As a mere man I shudder at the thought of seeing girls walking around in wadded nightshirts." —DENNIS OWEN, Elmfield Avenue, Crouch End, N.8.

"How dare men jeer. At least women don't let fashion force them to spend the hottest summer for 20 years in flat hats, stiff collars, tweed suits and woolen socks!"



Patricia's diamond engagement ring

She's Engaged!

Eyes of mermaid green—skin smooth as porcelain—that's Patricia...

Patricia is another engaged girl with an exquisite soft-smooth Pond's complexion. Here is the beauty care she uses every night and every morning.

She smooths luscious Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat. Pats to soften and release dirt and make-up. Wipes off.

She rinses with more snowy Pond's Cold Cream, swirling her fingers in little circles. Wipes off again. This extra rinse is "just fine."

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to get her face extra clean and extra soft. Follow this cream-rinse way of using Pond's Cold Cream every night and every morning. Get a big jar of Pond's today. You'll soon see why so many lovely girls like Patricia—and beautiful society women like the Princess Guy de Polignac choose Pond's Cold Cream.



She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!



"Are you actually trying to claim that that silly little box-thing can make people invisible...?"

LONDON

being a portrait of one more of the many faces of London, to remind her visitors—and the Londoners, too—that there is still no more fascinating city.

James Cameron

A STORY about London—and a Sunday, if you please, a holiday everywhere—but London!

It is one of the cherished fancies of those of us who set doggedly out, regular as the cuckoo, to wrest a homely word or two from the tale of London that on such a day as this nothing can possibly happen.

Why, everyone is away. Everyone has left Town. Everyone, that is, but the seven million odd who have stayed and the ten thousand odd who have arrived.

Very good: we shall have room (Excuse me, is there a place on this bus?)—we shall have (Do you mind not crushing so?) room to move. To take a turn, perhaps, since it is spring, round that slice of Town between Piccadilly and Oxford-street, Bond-street and Park-lane, known for 200 years, winter and summer as May Fair.

What is it? It is not a borough, nor a ward, nor even a postal district, nor a constituency; it has not even got a police station. You might call it a clique, or a cult, or a way of life, a good address (good enough, anyhow, for a furnished mews flat to cost you 25 guineas a week, with 25,000 premium for the lease, if you are lucky). It is, they say, most gay.

Mr Shepherd

THERE was once a man called Shepherd in the hoopla and pink lemonade business, the Billy Butlin of his day, who ran a Merry-making on those lush fields around Hay Hill Farm, just above St James's, as England turned the corner of the 18th century.

The fair—May Fair—was closed after some scandalised protests from the neighbours over a matter of Dancing, Anticks, and worse, but Shepherd left his mark. Shepherd Market, that village square, is not yet wholly elbowd out by the concrete.

He also left a bill: "To ground rent of Fair and one house—£1. 1s." Today, 237 years after, a house in Hill-street, bought during the war for £17,000, is selling for £40,000.

Here, now, is what everyone tells us is Smart London. No part of Town has so climbed socially, so fallen aesthetically. There are still fragments, obstinate corners, that belong to the days when Sheridan lived in Hartford-street, and Nelson's chaise waited long hours in Clarges-street outside his "Lady

Hamilton's. Most of it is gone under the ponderous avalanche of Victorian Fancy and Anglo-Saxon Fifth Avenue.

Nevertheless we are in Mayfair, the heart of the Michael Arlen country, where dress-making is Couture and even a laundry is a Blanchisserie, where no business brass-plates are permitted, where your shops may by no means announce themselves—"marie de vere" or "mollie maloney"—in anything but the chic-est of lower-case letters above the window-display: one hat, one glove, and a flower.

Here, it is fair to say, things are not entirely what they seem. It is still possible to walk from Park-lane to the Bond-street frontier without being trampled underfoot by peers of the realm.

That young woman waiting so observantly at the Charles-street corner—for a bus, no doubt—is not, as she appears to be, a countess in her own right.

Mayfair has done what it could do to obliterate the traces of its delicate past, and what it failed to do the blitz did for it. You will find no trace now—just for instance—of Keith's Chapel, where that fashionable marriage-broker the Rev. Alexander Keith did irregular weddings for the nobility and gentry.

Miss Gunning

HE was excommunicated, certainly, but not before he had married the Duke of Hamilton in 1762 to the lovely Miss Gunning, with the ring of the bed-curtain, at half-past midnight—the enchanting Miss Gunning, who became swiftly the wife of two dukes and the mother of four more. Mr Arlen himself could have devised no better.

Now the characteristics are standardised: the quiet streets, the backs of monstrous hotels, the clubs, the opulent shops, the off-dry dress-model, the Oxford Grouper off to Hay's Mews, all with a suggestion curiously feminine.

The thing could go on for ever, since Mayfair is built only before you look into it. What a history has Grosvenor-square now—the last, in London to accept that new-fangled gas-lighting—which succeeded without a knot to the Great Invasion of '42. Eisenhower's H.Q. appeared on Chesterfield Hill; the day came when one was startled to hear "An Englishman. Speak in Grosvenor-square."

Or, Berkeley-square, of the fabulous plane-trees, where 170 years ago Lord Clive of India impatiently put an end to a troublesome life with a penknife, at No. 45. When it was a noble square. Today the cliffs of new buildings have given it all the simple beauty of the Brecon to Sing Sing jail.

There is just one final compensation. Here is the square, the forlorn trees and barren earth; you need cross only to the corner of Fitzmaurice-place and Berkeley-square and here is the sign, the simple, reassuring nameplate: NIGHTINGALE.

HORSE SENSE

1. Three in each eye. The third eyelid is inside the upper and lower lids. 2. Smaller, both in weight and in size. 3. The same number—seven. 4. The elbow. 5. The ankle. 6. About half a ton.

PRESSMEN'S OUTING

FOUR PEOPLE SPEND A DAY
AT GOODWOOD... BUT DON'T
SEE QUITE THE SAME THING

PAUL HOLT

Two shillings in pocket
and out again

GOODWOOD.
AT the end of a long, dusty and laborious afternoon, in conflict with the bookies, a young woman under my observation had won two shillings.

She boasted about it all the way back from the course to the car, where a grubby little gipsy girl with red hair sold her a sprig of heather—for two shillings.

Honours were thus even. The professionals had the last word and the last coin.

This sense of fair play is a great thing among the holiday racegoers. There is no doubt that all the boasting about winnings you hear buzzing in your ears is no more than social good manners. It is not real.

There was an old lady with a man's stick to help her poor feet in this hot weather, and she came back from the bookies she had picked swinging her stick complacently.

"Get your money, mom?" called out her adoring family. "Of course I did. Him and me is pals," she called back.

It isn't right to suggest that a Goodwood crowd is a holiday crowd. There is no air of sunburn and brassieres, no swagger. These gentle drifting folk have the air of an afternoon off.

This great dusty heather bowl with the mist of the Sussex downs in the distance making a blue saucer for an afternoon of Cat's Paws has a green strip of purpose down which the gay, jockeyed horses streaked like marionettes.

It is all unreal and very old-world. No harm comes to the visitor as though he had entered a fairy ring.

It was therefore a shock and a surprise when in the last race two horses fell, one was killed and two jockeys were hurt. August Festival lay dead on the course and her jockey was taken away in an ambulance.

A hush spread like rain over the crowd, and I heard nine people say: "Poor horse," "what a shame!" starting fearfully up the course at the small knot of tragedy on the green grip far away until one voice said: "Poor jockey, you mean. You can get another horse. These jockeys are hard to come by."

AS I left Goodwood, I saw a gipsy family, burdened with profit, walk into a wood and climb into the car they had parked there secretly. The mother (with gold earrings) wore a tailored coat and skirt. Her little girl carolled over the grass singing "Open the door, Richard."

On the way home the contented amateurs, freed at last from the seduction of the bookies and gipsies, the tipsters and the horses, fell among some jolly thieves sent out by the local hospital, who held out their old tennis rackets in the road begging for half-crowns. "Those who had gave."



ROBB

Now here's the one
for my money.

PLACED first among the things that caught my eye: this outfit, four-starred as a winner because it has—

Gibson Girl hat, black beneath the brim, swathed with grey and pink tulle above.

The neckline is new daytime style, inspired by the off-shoulder line.

Rounded hip line accentuated by umbrella pockets.

New full skirt at new length, five inches below the knee.

John Deane Potter On Rigged News

THE 'BURNING OF BEVIN' WAS A FRAME-UP

HAMBURG.
I HOPE Ben Hecht slept well in his Park-avenue penthouse, because I did not. I had nightmares.

JESTS AND JEERS

Kwangtung may be short of rice, but at least it has Soong.

"Schmelling Returns," says a headline. His opponent certainly got a noseful.

A pat on the back develops character, says a child psychologist. Yes, if administered often enough and low enough.

Some women believe the only way to hold a man is down.

Hot air leaves most people cold.

Fashion forecasts that the wasp-waist is coming back this season. Husbands will be stung again.

Bore is too mild a word for some of our club types—they're pneumatic drills.

For Whom The Belle Peels:—The girl who, incandescent, glows where sun and wind have kissed her. Is less alluring to her beaux when she begins to blister.

CHAPMAN PINCHER

Pandemonium does
37 mph... Not bad!

HAVE you ever noticed, that horses in a race never look round to see if they are being followed as their jockeys do? They do not need to turn their heads to see what goes on behind. When a horse holds its head up it has all-round vision and cannot be approached unawares. That is why the first thing a horse does when it is startled is to hold its head high. At least one did it each time the starting gate went up.

If you approach a horse head-on it looks at you with both eyes open, you get within three feet of it, then always turns its head away and watches you with one eye.

It is forced to do this because, although it would rather watch you with two eyes, it has a blind zone for double-eyed vision just in front of the nose.

I had fun proving this to my friends in the Goodwood paddock. Strong a racehorse always reminds me how much bigger its head is in proportion to the body compared with the heads of horses shown in old paintings and prints.

Those big horses with tiny heads, like the one Charles I. is riding in Van Dyck's famous picture, arose in the 17th century.

The old war-horses which the armoured knights used to ride were crossed then with much smaller horses imported from Arabia. The hybrids had the Arab head on a war-horse body.

Speed, endurance and courage were what the old Arab breeders wanted in a horse. Some measure of their success was to be seen at Goodwood, for there is Arab horse blood in every English thoroughbred.

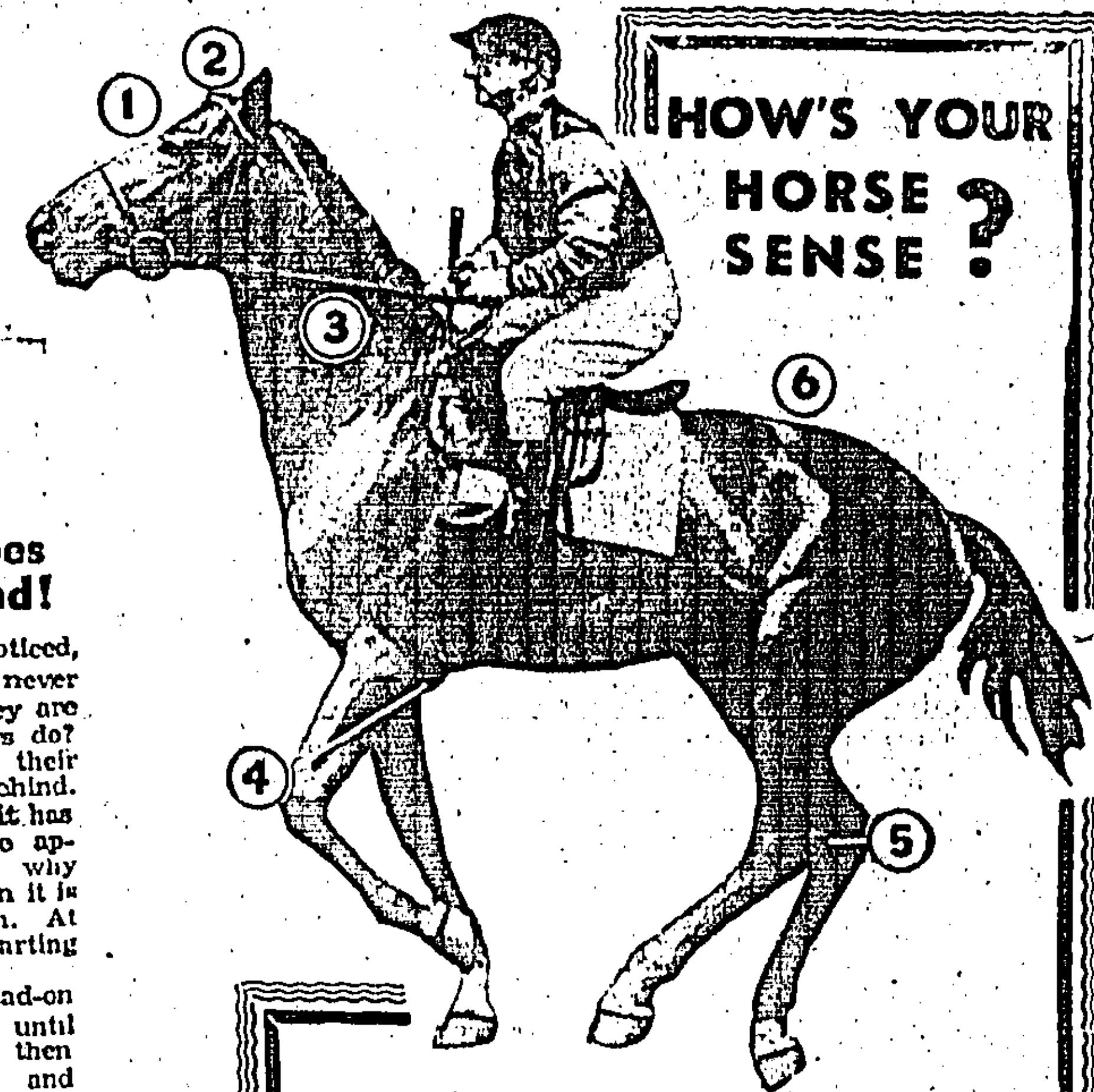
It is hard to believe that Pandemonium, the English-looking chestnut colt which won the first race, is descended from a horse no bigger than a fox terrier. But it is true. I can even tell you its name. It was called Eohippus, and it ran in America about 50 million years ago.

It had separate toes, each with a hoof, on every foot. But the modern horse has only one toe left on each foot—the middle one. All the early ancestors of the horse lived in America, and it is an odd thing that after colonising the rest of the world the original stock died out.

There were no horses in America for thousands of years until the Spanish conquistadores took some back in the 16th century.

A horse is not the fastest thing on four legs. A cheetah, clocking 70 m.p.h., goes much faster. So do lions and many antelopes.

But 37 m.p.h.—Pandemonium's figure for three-quarters of a mile—is not bad for an animal which runs on the tips of four toe-nails.



The numbers of the questions correspond with the numbers on the picture above. Answers below in Column Two.

1. How many eyelids has a horse?
2. Has the horse a bigger or smaller brain than a man?
3. Has the horse more or fewer bones in its neck than a giraffe?
4. To what bone in the human arm does this correspond?
5. To which does this correspond: knee, ankle, or some other joint?
6. What is the average weight of a thoroughbred racehorse?

CLIVE GRAHAM

You noticed Gordon
shake his head

THE horse of the day was Edward Tudor, which started odds-on favourite for the £1,500 Chesterfield Cup. It was his last race in England, after which he was to be shipped to the Argentine, where a rich cattle rancher has paid £25,000 for him.

Mrs Macdonald Buchanan's colt has earned the reputation of being brilliant, but erratic. In last year's Derby he went to the front a quarter of a mile from home and looked certain to win. Then, as Gulf Stream and Airborne came at him, he quit and finished in the rack.

At Goodwood this time this chestnut horse carried the abash and bloom for which trainer Fred Darling's horses have always been famous. Not a hair was out of place, and in the sunshine his bright chestnut coat shone as if it had been polished.

He looked beautiful and full of power and he walked round the ring with a cocky half-resentful air.

He gave a few bucks when Gordon Richards mounted—often a sign of a horse's well-being. Yet, as the jockeys were more in it than that, horse and rider have been at variance before.

Gordon never stirred in the saddle, and soon he had Edward cantering, quickly, just the stands to the distant starting post. None of the jockeys wanted to set the pace when the tapes went up.

Gordon Richards and Edward Tudor lay last of the field of six as they went up the hill and turned into the straight. Clacket, then leader, was shouldered. Then Avignon tackled him. The other four runners were clustered together.

Gordon and Douglas Smith (on Admiral's Yarn) made their efforts.

Gordon's mount accelerated, leaving Admiral's Yarn behind, and Edward Tudor now had only the 20-1 chance Avignon to beat.

There was a furlong to go and Edward Tudor had the race at his mercy. So it seemed. But he either wouldn't or couldn't exert himself any more, and Avignon plunged on at the same pace to win by a length.

GORDON RICHARDS was down-boring as he rode the beaten favourite into the unsaddling enclosure. He doesn't like losing a race that he expects to win. He nudged the girl loose quickly, put the saddle in the crook of his arm and walked off to weigh in.

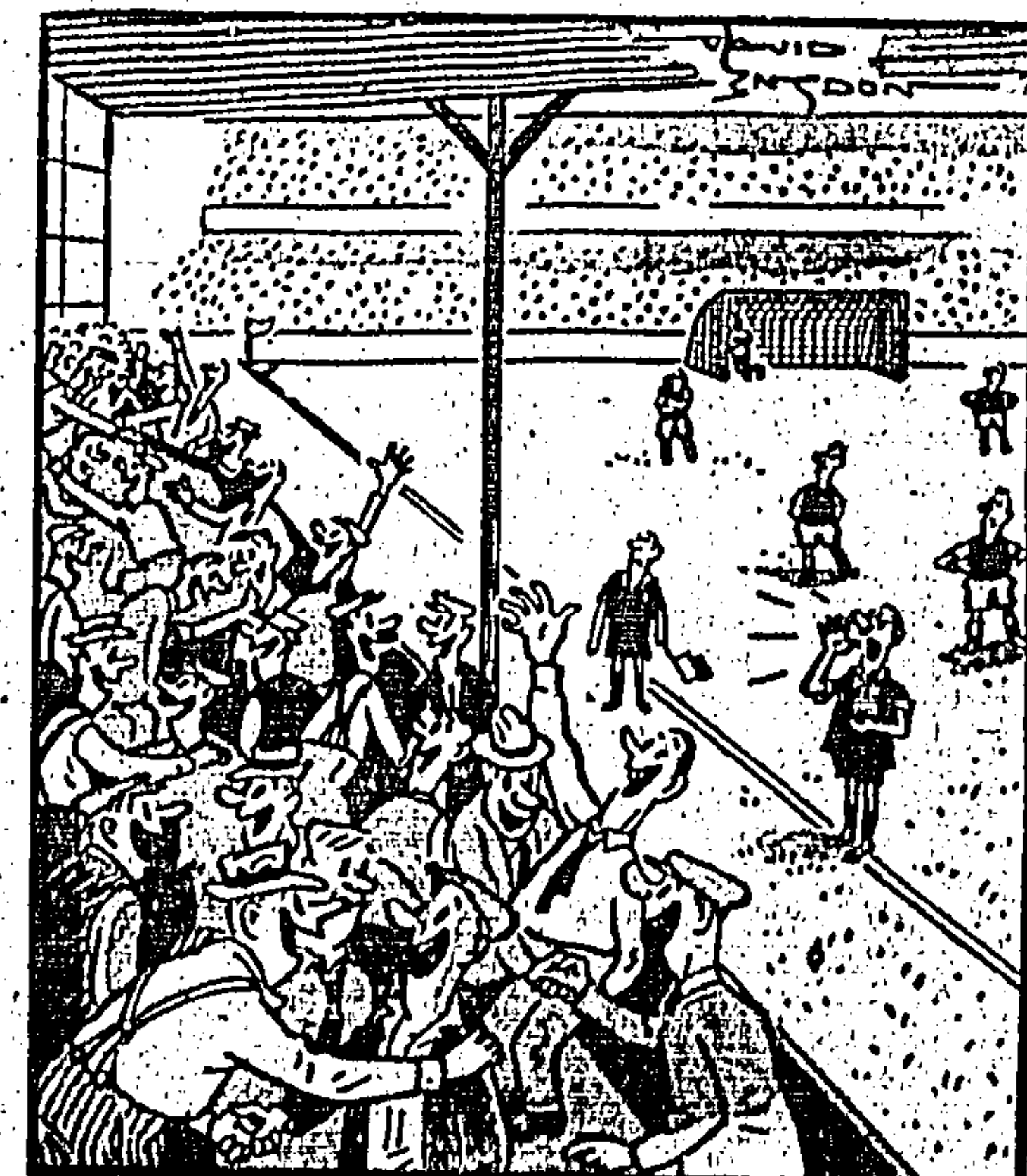
Halfway up the weighing-room steps he paused, took a quick look back at Edward Tudor over his shoulder and shook his head.

It was an eloquent little gesture and it plainly meant that "Never again will we be partners and there's no regrets on my part." Edward Tudor lashed out with his off hind at the wooden partition as if to say "The same goes for me too."

Then an official came out of the weighing room and called out "All right." It was the signal for Edward Tudor's lad to lead him away through the crowd to be rubbed down and checked before returning in his motor horsebox to his stable.

And yet, despite his obvious foibles, Edward Tudor may prove a big success as a stud horse in the Argentine. He has the blood of great Brazilian racers—Hyperion and Pharis—in his veins. Anyway he will pay for about 450,000 weekly meat rations.

DAVID LANGDON CARTOON



"When you've all quite finished greeting each other like long-lost brothers, we might start the game..."

Sefton Delmer's NEWSMAP



MY job has made me one of Europe's rolling stones—sixteen rolling stones ten pounds to be exact. As I roll from country to country I bump into many other rolling stones—most of them American. They are chiefly business men or bankers whose interests carry them all over Europe.

Most of them like to have a permanent niche to which they can return between trips.

Before the war nine out of ten of my American fellow-rollers had established their European headquarters in London.

Today they are moving away from London, away from Britain. And most of them, as far as I can see, are moving to Brussels.

FROM BERNE to Budapest, from Moscow to Athens, I have heard my American colleagues praising Brussels as a niche. It is central, they say. It has admirable air connections. Above all, it is free from

depressing austerity and restrictions. You can get anything you wish for in the way of food, drink, or goods. It has a vital atmosphere, because it is the capital of a country which is flourishing.

Frankly, I would not want to make my niche in Brussels for all its prosperity and drive. It has never been a place I want to live in.

But Belgium is a country which the leaders of Britain—Socialists and Tories alike—should be studying closely. It can teach us a great lesson.

The Belgians, since the war, have pursued a policy directly opposite to ours. Instead of continuing to tighten up controls and restrictions they have eliminated them and restored liberty of action to industry and commerce.

Far from making a fetish of exports to the extent of exporting machinery, raw materials and goods badly needed at home, they have concentrated on supplying the home market first. They have used their dollars to flood the Belgian market with imported goods in

order to create an economy of abundance in which the Belgian wage earner would be able to get something for his money, and an incentive to work and produce.

By June 1946 import licences had been abolished for half of Belgium's purchases abroad, and private importers have been working full out ever since without interference from the Government.

WELL DO I REMEMBER the complacent chuckling over the frivolity and short-sightedness of the Belgians.

"That's a purely artificial boom in Belgium," they said. "There's a terrible crash coming. Just wait and see." Yes, it was going to be the hare and the tortoise all over again with austerity-planned Britain as the wise old tortoise.

Well look at the Belgian hare today. Industrial production is up to 95 percent of what it was before the war. In many products it is well above the prewar level. Of cotton textiles the Belgians are making 45 percent more today than before the war, of woollens 68 percent more, and of rayon 40 percent.

And exports are going up with astonishing rapidity, too. Last year Belgium's average quarterly exports worked out at £9,040,000. For the first quarter of this year they add up to £10,670,000.

True, imports still exceed exports, but the gap is closing rapidly. It should be less than 15 percent for this year.

DON'T LET THEM tell you that this has all been done by an exceptional flood of dollars or as a result of vast exports of uranium ore from the Belgian Congo to America. Certainly uranium has helped—but it is not the whole story, or anything like it.

The Belgians have had 200,000,000 dollars in credits from the U.S. and Canada, and 60,000,000 dollars for their services in reverse Lease-Lend.

Their uranium exports, for which figures are now for the first time available, tot up to 2,000,000 dollars in 1945, 1,500,000 in 1946, and they are not expected to be much over 1,000,000 dollars this year.

I can see many important foreign business men and firms wanting to move from austerity-ridden and theory-ridden Britain to enterprising Brussels; just as they moved out of Brussels and Antwerp to free Britain when the 10th century Spaniards tried to enforce their narrow restrictionist theories in Belgium.

Ambassador



—loses a pension

MR VICTOR CAVENDISH-BENTINCK, until recently ambassador in Warsaw and ambassador-designate in Rio de Janeiro, is not to be granted a pension on leaving the Foreign Service. It was early in May that Mr. Bevin saw Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck and told him it would not be possible to give him another appointment after the publicity which had attended his divorce proceedings.

At that time Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck was led to expect he would receive the pension of about £750 a year and the £2,000 gratuity normally due to him.

But since then, I understand, Mr. Bevin has personally ruled that no pension or gratuity shall be granted to Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck.

IN MY VIEW, an issue of considerable public importance is at stake in this case. It is bad enough that the Foreign Service should be deprived of one of its ablest younger diplomats—"Bill" Bentinck is 40—through the application of Royal Enclosure standards of propriety and exclusiveness.

But it is surely quite wrong that a Minister should have the power to punish a public servant by depriving him of the pension and gratuity earned in 28 years' service. At the very least, there should be a right of appeal against the Minister's verdict.

Surely Mr. Bevin would not allow himself to be swayed in his decision by the unpopularity of Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck with the Keep Letters of the Socialist Party. But Mr. Bevin will not be the last Foreign Secretary. Some day there may be, among his successors, a politician who would be delighted to "discipline" civil servants without a pension for conduct "unbecoming to the service."

I urge the Foreign Service Act be immediately re-examined in the light of Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck's case.

An idle slave

A GERMAN prisoner of war has written to me to say that in the last three weeks thousands of German prisoners have been taken off their jobs in South-

ern England, where there was still many months' work for them. They have been sent to Scotland, he says, where they have been idle ever since.

His own party of 550 has been quartered in an hotel which has hitherto accommodated 50 prisoners, of whom only 30 had work. The 550 new arrivals, all of whom had jobs in Southern England, are now unemployed.

"It is really necessary to send us to a place where we are not wanted," he asks, "and where it is therefore impossible for us to earn any money."

He wants to be sent home. He should be.

The faded dream

HITLER'S Berchtesgaden eyrie is now a tea room. Hot dogs, coffee, Coca-Cola are served at the bottom. Hitler's lift carries visitors up top, whence they admire "his" view, scratch their names on "his" wall.

Petkov knew

THE last time I saw Nicolas Petkov, the Bulgarian peasant leader who has been executed for his opposition to Bulgaria's Communist regime, was when I was passing through Sofia at the beginning of May.

Petkov had just come back from visiting in hospital a woman deputy of his party who had been beaten up by a Communist gang.

His party's newspaper had failed to appear that morning because the Communist-run printers had refused to publish it. Half his apartment had just been requisitioned. Police spies were to be billeted on him.

Petkov knew what was coming. But he did not allow that to stop him from carrying on his mission, any more than he had let the Germans stop him during the war.

In Warsaw, peasant leader Stanislas Mikolajczyk shows the same tough resolution, even though he is certain that he will in time be arrested, and made the centre of a staged trial. Sentence of death he knows will be the climax.

The present trial of his followers in Cracow is clearly the build-up for the trial of Mikolajczyk himself. We and the Americans have protested against the death sentence on Nicolas Petkov. We shall protest when Rumania's veteran peasant leaders Mariu and Mihalace are sentenced.

It is useful only for the record.

Tailpiece

IN Zurich recently I saw a market being held in a public park by the lakeside. The vegetable stalls looked appetising and fresh under the shady chestnut trees. Flower sellers were around the fountain. Business was brisk and cheerful. Worth copying here?

Sefton Delmer

Hongkong—Air Centre Or Just A Dead City?

By "Candidus"

THE uncertainty which exists as to Hongkong's future as an airport is nothing short of scandalous. During the week, a news item indicated that plans for improving the Colony's airport facilities (submitted more than a year ago) have been stymied because of financial reasons. The Government spokesman is credited with the statement: "There are serious financial problems which must be resolved before a decision

can be made to proceed with the scheme."

A more glaring case of lack of foresight cannot be imagined. Today, London's illustrated weeklies devote much space to the development of civil aviation. Huge machines capable of carrying many tons of merchandise are not only envisaged, but actually being built. It is to be presumed that in order to secure full value from the putting into operation of such giants of the air, modernised airports will be required wherever Great Britain trades. That the Colonial Office does not see Hongkong in its proper perspective reveals a colossal ignorance on the part of those who are supposed to shape the Empire's destiny.

BY THE WAY by Beachcomber

"Do you know what a turbine is?" asked the foreman. "I certainly do," replied Sally, the most glamorous girl in the packing department. "It's a kind of towel that Indian gentlemen wear round their heads."

"Put this little pet down—as a jamaican's mate," cried the foreman, playfully pinching her cheek with a pair of pliers he happened to be holding.

"Goodbye!" cried Sally, "I love to dance."

Nothing new
SCOTTISH housewives are luring seagulls into their chicken-runs, providing them with comfortable nest boxes, and getting eggs for cake making.

Our Uncle insists that this idea must have been copied from chapter 64 of his book "Through Darkest Suburbs With Rod and Gun," in which he says—"It was in the High-street during the rainy season that I first met old Major Fitzwilliam Blood-Rice, a fine shot and first-class croquet player. It was he, 'Farinaceous Rice' we used to call him, who had the wheeze of having holes made in the gun-room of his villa Chex-Yoo."

"By imitating mating calls and the use of bird-whistles he managed from time to time to get some of the lesser-known animals to put their heads through to find out what all the noise was about. Thereupon the major would slap a label underneath—saying 'Shot by M. W. F. St. G. Blood-Rice, Nairn 1892' and thus impress his friends."

Overheard

"Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross, Master Georgie!"
"For goodness sake get mechanised, Nanny; you old hag. This 'horse' business is making me sick—you're getting an old, old woman. I'm just about on your last legs."

Fairy force

WE just know you will not believe it, but there it was in the paper as plain as plain. It read: "To aid recruiting, minimum height for Huntingdonshire Police is reduced to 5ft. 6ins."

"And if this doesn't do any good," said a Huntingdonshire spokesman, "we shall go on reducing it right down to three feet. We shall be proud of our teeny, tiny police force—and petty larceny in Huntingdonshire will be a thing of the past."

A report that they are also replacing police boxes with food-stools has been denied.

THE Hongkong Government itself cannot be held blameless. The future of this invaluable trading entrepot is largely in the hands of local officialdom, and if a little more understanding is not evidenced, and the utmost pressure exerted, Hongkong will become as useless to the Empire as the Sahara. To very heart of the Sahara. To quibble about the cost of progress is unforgivable, especially when to stifle progress means stifling the trade and commerce of Hongkong.

Again one's thoughts turn to the leading commercial interests. There is too much living from day to day and too little looking ahead. Even the China Association in London is supposed to have the interests of Hongkong at heart, but what is it doing to justify its existence? It is not sufficient to take it for granted that "something" is being done behind the scenes, for in the absence of practical and concrete representations it is only natural that the dilly-dallying which is so painfully obvious creates misgivings in the minds of those who visualise the importance of the air in the future.

ANOTHER disturbing feature is the fact that no encouragement appears to be given to air transport companies to make Hongkong the leading air centre in the Far East. Any form of unfair discrimination must be vigorously opposed. As I have remarked before in these comments, Hongkong depends for its existence in the encouragement of all flags under which world trade is carried on. Without our shipping, we should be reduced to a penury—and the same irrefutable statement applies equally to the Colony's future from the standpoint of air transportation.

The British Government may have all sorts of fantastic ideas concerning Home and Colonial nationalisation, but they are treading on tragically dangerous ground when they dare to apply their experimental fallacies to the outposts of the Empire. Unfortunately Hongkong is apparently helpless in the matter of shaping its own future. It should be all the more necessary therefore that those who are in a position of trust here should not hesitate to make known, in no uncertain manner, the urgent need for the immediate development of air facilities, without which Hongkong will sink to the ignominy of just another dead city of the Far East.



HAPPY SNAPS AT SOUTHPORT



WITHIN a few years of its founding in 1887 the Manufacturers Life expanded into foreign fields. The representatives who pioneered this development were truly "Gentlemen Adventurers"—their search for new avenues of business was an advance into the unknown.

From the nation's viewpoint this expansion was an important step in the development of export trade which at that time was confined to natural products. The sale of Life Insurance abroad is an export of services paid for by the premium payments of foreign policyholders.

In many areas of the world Canadian Life Insurance companies laid the foundations for our foreign trade and established Canada's reputation for stability and fair dealing. Even to-day there are places where Canada is known principally for its Life Insurance companies.

The Manufacturers Life is proud of the part it has played in this development,—proud, too, of its world-wide reputation for financial strength and the best of Life Insurance service.

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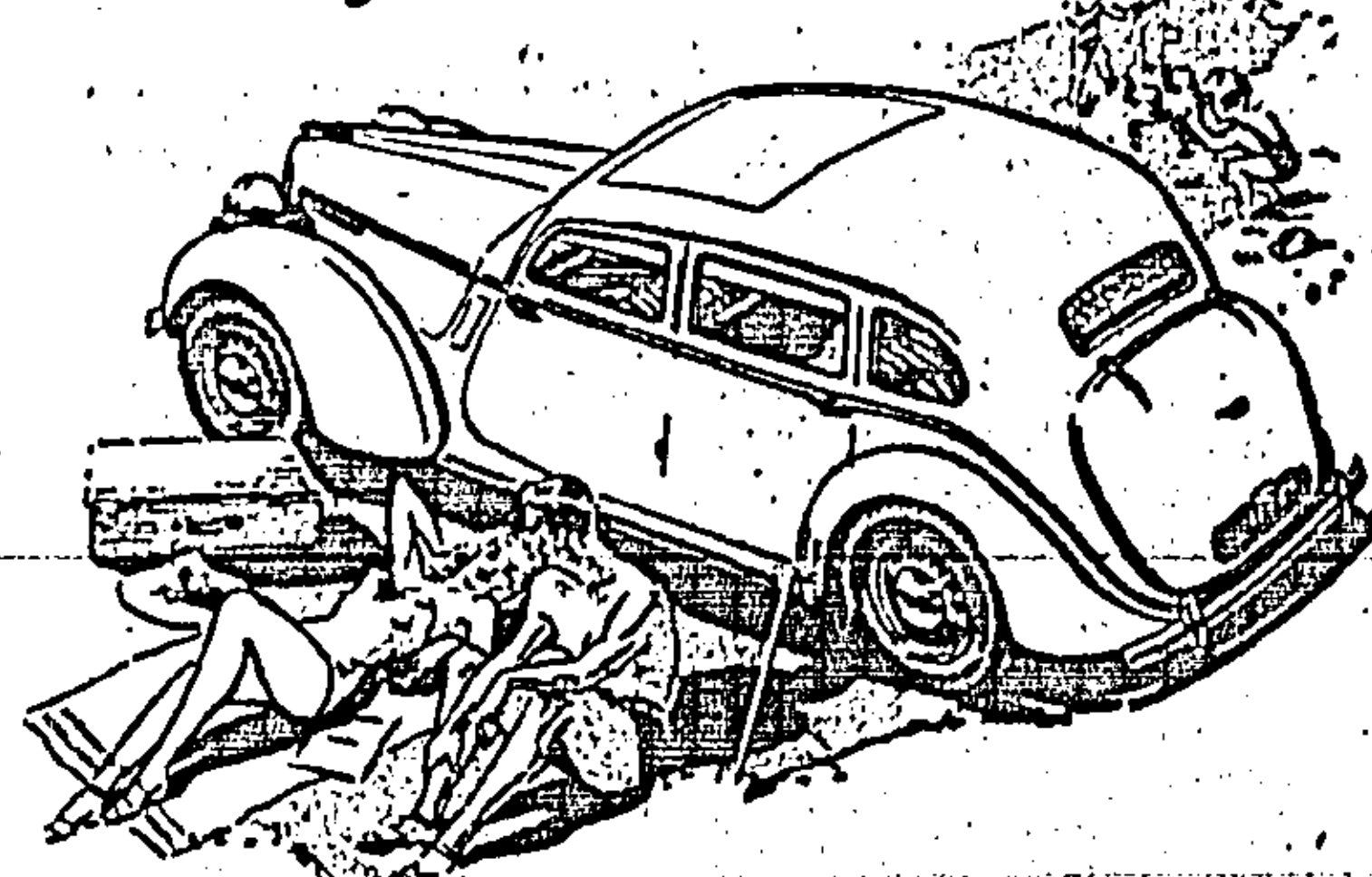
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Customs Men Scared Pink

Customs officials in France are scared pink thinking about the general exodus of more than 100 magicians who will leave Paris this week.

With all new routines like snatching lace brassieres from each other's ears and palming anything as big as a rabbit, the magicians declared open warfare on the innocent customs officials.

"I'm betting my breeches that I can sneak a bottle of brandy through," said Birmingham, an amateur magician who has been attending the International Magicians' Congress.

Another was forced to admit that coming into France he did not try any prestidigitation in sneaking a 6 of money through. "The last time I hid it in my wife's belt," he said, "but this time I'm full of ideas."

Nick van Berkel, 21-year-old Dutch wizard who has been the sensation of the Congress because of his new method of palming objects, said he was sure he would have no trouble.

Asked Him To Strip
"The last time they asked me to strip and sent me into a room to undress with several others. As I was going in I suddenly held up a beau-

Pistol Packing Girls Guard Bank's Cash

Bandits clear of the National Commercial Bank and Trust Co. in Albany, New York.

Five comely girl bank clerks, who have a friendly smile for persons on legitimate financial business, are prepared to give gunmen a hot reception.

The girls are all proficient marksmen, with the .38 calibre Colt revolvers which the bank furnishes. The girls learned to shoot after taking over jobs left vacant by men entering service during the war.

titful gold watch and asked if it belonged to the customs man. He grabbed it angrily and told me I could get along, and quick."

Harvey King, of the London and Cotswold Magic Society, said the customs had a hard time with his luggage. They spotted an odd-looking umbrella in the case, and suspecting there were all sorts of goodies inside told King to open it up.

He pulled out two umbrellas, three rabbits, some billiard balls, fruit, silk scarves and a "magic" carrot. The customs official said: "He had enough."

"We voted unanimously that we would have an international understanding among magicians," never to tell," said Arnold Furst of Hollywood, the only American representative—United Press.

SPORTS FEATURES

They Broke Records



The Colony swimming championships which have been held during the week have seen many records lowered. Above is A. V. Lopes, who set a new time of 2.55 for the 220 yards backstroke, and below Chan Chun-wan, who won the 440 yards free style in the record time of 5.19.



Tragic Death Of A Superb Swimmer

A few weeks ago, during the recent national swimming championships in the St. Leonards Pool, we took advantage of an off-spell to borrow a pair of trunks and get in the water ourselves.

As we executed a pancake landing and came up spluttering, an Amazonian figure bore down on us and we scuttled out of the way. The Amazon was Nancy Blach, Britain's swimming hope. As she passed, she grunted a saltwater screw-faced grin, spluttered "See you later," and vanished in a cloud of spray.

We never saw her again. The next thing we heard was that she had died in Monte Carlo, after taking part in the European championships.

WARTIME DISCOVERY
She was a wartime discovery, a girl who until the early war years could hardly swim at all. It was determination alone which made this Scots girl with the slim legs and the big body struggle to swim her first 25 yards.

She was almost revered by those who sought to copy her, or beat her. When I first sought her out, a little, sharp-faced girl said, "That's her, there," and indicated a buxom girl in a kit. The informant was Cathie Gibson, Nancy's friend and closest rival, and the reverence in her voice was something for professional athletes to have heard.

BRIGHTEST HOPE
She was the brightest hope of British Olympic swimming for 1948, and her path to the Olympiad was paved with titles.

April 1944: she set up a new British 100 yards record in 61.6-10secs. August 1944: she broke her own 220yds. free-style record in 2m14s. 38.8secs.

August 1945: broke her own record (6mins. 38secs.) for the British women's free-style 500

Soccer Opening Provided A Mixed Grill

(BY SEE TEE)

An interesting Second Division encounter is among the more attractive week-end soccer fixtures. It is the match between Sing Tao's second string and Hongkong Signals which is being played at Sookun-poo this afternoon. Rivaling this is the First Division struggle between Kitchee (whose home ground is the Navy's) and the Devons; this game kicks off at 5 p.m. on the Causeway Bay ground today.

The Navy are at home to Chinese Athletic at Causeway Bay to-morrow and will most certainly have their work cut out to beat a side which was conquered the RAF and the Inniskillings.

The first week-end of the local soccer season produced a very mixed grill in the way of results. On Saturday we had the R.A. beating the R.N. 6-0, the Inniskillings beating South China 6-1 and Kitchee holding a 5-1 advantage over Kowloon Transport. In the Second Division the Navy's "B" team swamped the R.A.C. by ten clear goals—the biggest score of the day. Sunday's results had their surprises and big scores. The Devons carried all before them in beating Kwong Wah 9-1 and quite apart from these goals there were other nettles disallowed for off-side.

Expectations of a keen struggle between the Inniskillings and South China last Saturday did not materialise for the Chinese Club was able only to field a very weak team. The result was that the Inniskillings did not then get a real chance to show their paces for the younger and more inexperienced Chinese players became bewildered and discouraged as they were more and more out-played.

GILMOUR IMPRESSES

There were many close followers of the local game taking stock of the Inniskillings men on Saturday. The good play of their centre half, Gilmour, impressed considerably. His outstanding ability and his quick cut-

out to the wings to break up down-the-touch-line line raids were outstanding features of his play. Most good centre halfbacks are tall and able to use the head to advantage; Gilmour is no exception. The terrific like worthy tactics of Mitchell, the Irishman's centre forward puzzled many present. Mitchell knows that the goal-keeper can be tackled and charged if he is holding the ball and he ensured that Chu, the South China "keeper," enjoyed no unmolested cakewalks to the edge of the penalty area before getting in his kick.

Goalkeepers should get rid of the ball as quickly as possible; it's useless looking at the referee with expressions of injured innocence when charged. If the "keeper" is holding the ball or goes outside his six yards goal area (whether he has the ball or not) he is liable to be charged in the same manner as any other player.

It was something of an occasion at the Club ground last Saturday. Both the Club's soccer eleven won their matches. The seniors beat the Police 4-1 while the Second Division "B" team scored a narrow victory over R.A.S.C. That things were looking up with Club soccer was evident towards the end of last season and again, more recently, in the Seven-a-Side tournament.

FURIOUS PACE

There was a fair sized crowd at Boundary-street last Sunday afternoon to see the R.A.F. game with Chinese Athletic. Although the match was played under conditions of hot sun and very little wind, a furious pace was maintained right from the word go. There was a full mid-way through the second half (then CAA were leading 3-1) until the Alfmen set up a succession of determined raids to try to save the game. Daynes, centre forward, had very bad luck with one terrific drive from fifteen yards which crashed against the woodwork with Yu well beaten. The ball rebounded into play but there was no RAF forward on hand to drive for goal again and the chance was lost.

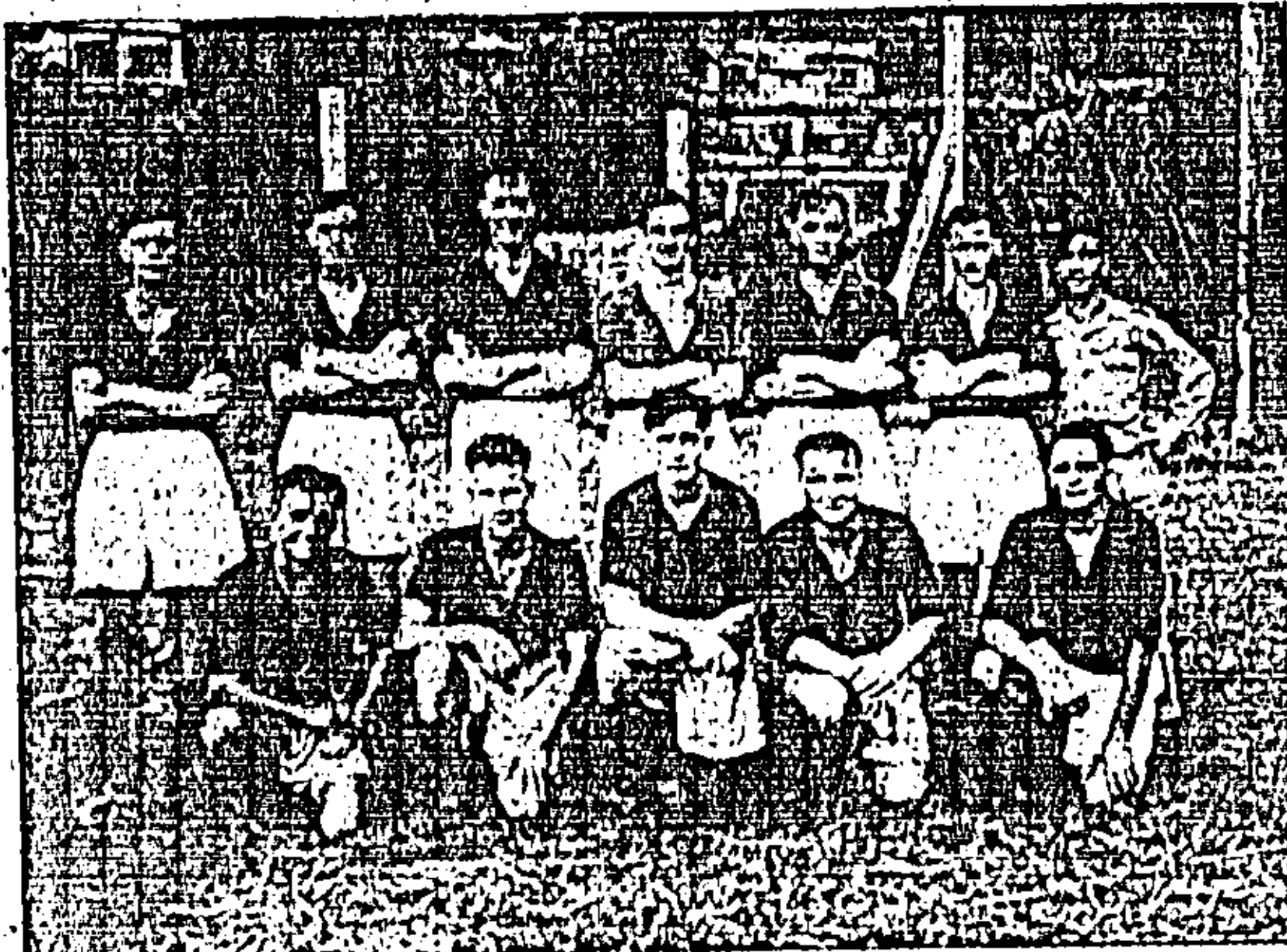
Chinese Athletic showed that they have a good, lively team. Although their forwards missed several simple shots at goal—particularly in the first half—they were often very close to the mark and Taylor, in the RAF goal, had a busy time. Although he gave away a rather risky looking free kick, when he whipped the ball off the toes of the Athletic forward and carried it out-side his area, it was a great piece of anticipation. The strong sun also added to his difficulties.

But the still uneven playing surface of the Police ground hampered the attempts of both sides to exploit the short ground pass. The best tactics on such a playing pitch is to swing the ball about in the air.

CONFIDENT DEVONS

The Devons, after their victories of 9-1 over Kwong Wah and 3-1 over the Navy, will take the field for this afternoon's game with Kitchee full of confidence. Kitchee, however, have also two good victories to their credit: 5-1 against Kowloon Transport last Saturday and 3-2 against Eastern on Wednesday. The Devons clearly are one of the strongest service sides and it will be no surprise if they do not take both points this afternoon; Kitchee are worthy opponents but will have to pull something unusual out of the bag to check an attack which includes Insley and Connors.

Hongkong Signals astounded not a few followers of local football by entering the semi-finals of the Stanley Shield tournament. Through-out last season they could be relied upon always to put up a good game and their 7-1 victory last Saturday was no fluke. They meet Sing Tao's second division side at Sookunpoo this afternoon and the game promises to be one of the keenest of the week-end. Sing Tao's youngsters are a nippy band of promising players; while the Signals' (with their own experience of local football) are a strong, robust and workmanlike eleven. A draw is the most probable result here.



The Inniskillings first division football team which has made an impressive start in the 1947-8 football season.—Ming Yuen.

The Chinese Played Football In 600 BC

(BY RECORDER)

People who spend any time wondering on why the Chinese have adapted themselves so well to football rest unaware of one interesting fact. It took an American historian to provide an answer.

The historian is Mr E. Norman Gardiner, whose book, *Athletics of the Ancient World*, has an exhaustive chapter on the cumulative evidence on the origin of football.

Mr Gardiner traces its remote past in England to an earliest reference dated 1050 A. D. Going further back into history, Mr Gardiner traces it back to Ancient China in 600 B.C., where, he says, it was at one time a rage over many parts of the country.

The old Chinese game, according to one manuscript, was "too exhausting and undignified for an emperor." Teams were chosen on the field, captains elected by general acclaim and then began a system known as the "seventy kicks and the dillies."

Exactly how the game was played is unfortunately not preserved in any record though a book of rules has been unearthed describing various fouls that could be committed.

Piecing together the available evidence, it seems that individual players had to dribble through their opposite numbers on the other team and, this accomplished, each player had a kick over a silken cord suspended between two bamboo poles at a height of more than 30 feet from the ground. Each player then also took a kick aimed at an aperture in a net about two feet in diameter.

There may have been many other kicks through many other obstacles, possibly as many as 68 more. How goals or points were computed is lost to record. The ball was of leather stuffed with horsehair.

A POET'S CONCEPT

Some time between 50 and 130 A.D. a poet named Lu Yu got rhapsodic over football and left the following interesting line, that could to-day, a good 18 centuries after, serve to remind many a local player of what football stands for:

"The ball flying across like the moon
While the teams stand opposed.
Captains are appointed and take their places
According to unchanging regulations
There must be no partiality
But there must be determination
Without the slightest irritation at failure
And if all that is necessary for football
How much more for the business of life."

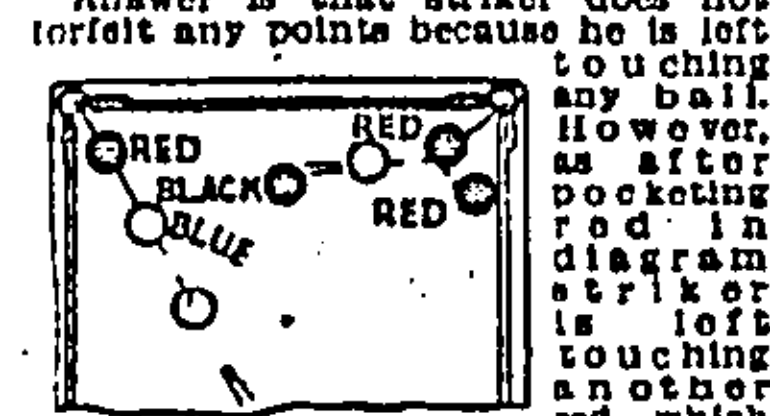
The earliest mention of football in England comes in a chronicle circa 1050 A.D. About a hundred years later there is mention of "a solemn game of ball at Smithfield on Shrove Tuesday."

ERA OF PERSECUTION

Football in England then passed through a long era of persecution as, though the Chinese had limited it to not being a game for emperors, it was generally considered in the Middle Ages, more so in Elizabethan times, that football was no game for gentlemen.

Arthur Peall says:

"Is this automatically four away? Mr. U. P. D. of Conant, I think, whose question suggests the stroke shown on right of diagram."



Answer is that striker does not touch any ball. He is not touching the ball "on" or for hitting another ball. Nominating spotted black as the ball "on," he played away correctly from the touching red and pocketed black, a full stroke—scoring seven. Left of diagram shows striker answered for the just red after a foul. He nominated blue as his free-ball played it and planned red in the top pocket. But stroke it is also a stroke if both red and blue have been touched. Blue comes up and is re-spotted, red remains in the pocket.

In many parts of the country it was outlawed by ordinance, local dignitaries and justices of the peace guaranteeing themselves an afternoon siesta by the simple expedient of disallowing the game altogether.

In the late Seventeenth Century and the early Eighteenth Century the game picked up considerably in general popularity and then proceeded on a decline that found it toward the early 1800's practically forgotten.

In the gentleman hooligan period that followed Wellington's interesting statement about battles being won on the playing fields of Eton, all rough and tumble games came back into mode after the new fashion of the bruiser schoolboy.

A general misconception that exists to-day is that rugby is older than soccer. The old Rugby game was soccer. It so happened that in 1823 a Rugby student, William Webb Ellis, had pressed in a melee, picked up the ball and ran with it underarm. Record has it that he was severely censured and that the ensuing correspondence in the English press as well as club and coffee house gossip put him down as an outright brawler. It was just something that was not done. It wasn't cricket. It wasn't even football.

RUGGER IS BORN

Ellis passed through many years of censure and became a figure of most of national importance. So much so that fourteen years later the football club at Cambridge decided to find out for itself if a more interesting game with a football could be devised that allowed handling of the ball.

A trial was arranged and aroused considerable enthusiasm. Thus rugby was born. Rugby School did not adopt the new game until some years after the Cambridge trial.

In due course the School erected a stone to Ellis's memory. The inscription reads: "This stone commemorates the exploit of William Webb Ellis who by a firm disregard of the rules of football as it was played in his time first took the ball in his arms and ran with it, thus originating the distinctive features of the Rugby game."

Britain Has A Chance To Win Ryder Cup

(By ARCHIE QUICK)

There is a growing feeling in professional golfing circles that Britain has a chance in the Ryder Cup after all.

When I was at Brighton and heard the PGA secretary, Commander Roo state that Great Britain would beat the United States in the competition at Portland, Oregon in November, I wasn't dubious; I was downright certain he was wrong.

But now a wave of optimism is surging through the sport and I think I am being carried along with it. It was not so much the fact that a score of 70 of beaten 22 times on the final day of the season's last open stroke competition at Stoke Poges, but the manner in which some of the Cup probables fought to attain a leading score of 270.

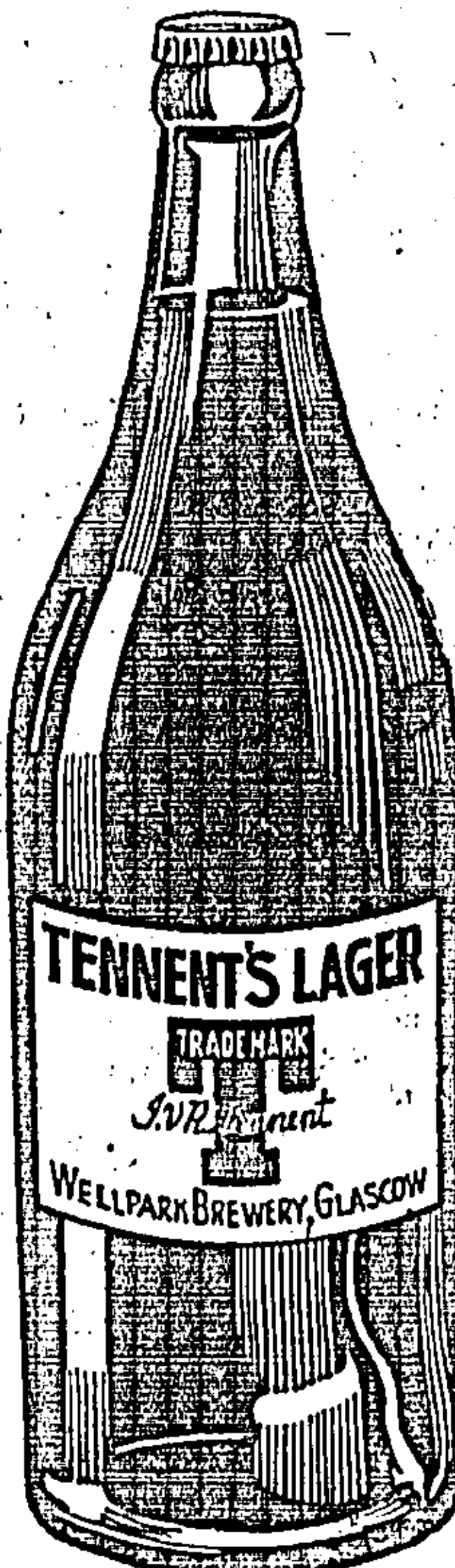
First of all there was the grand Reginald Whitcombe following up his record-equalling third round of 64 with an aggregate that was the lowest of the season. Here was something to fight at. And how they did it.

Dal Rees, always best in a situation like this started five shots behind Whitcombe, but he got them back with another round of 64, and that was not only good golf but an ordeal that might excruciatingly have been too much for any golfer.

Then there was some more back-to-the-wall play by Arthur Lees and Charles Ward, both of whom failed by only one stroke to catch the leaders. Fancy breaking 70 four



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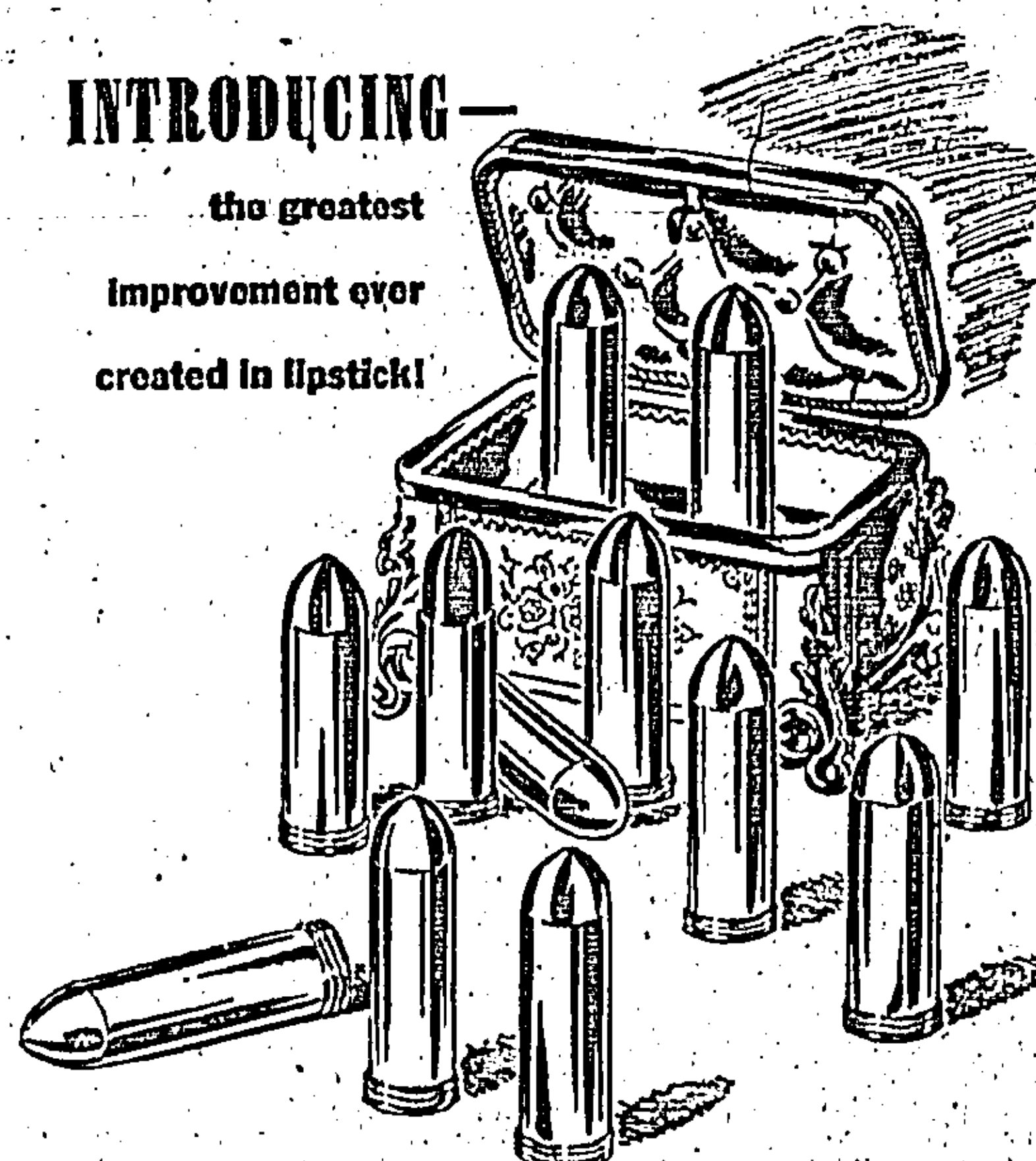
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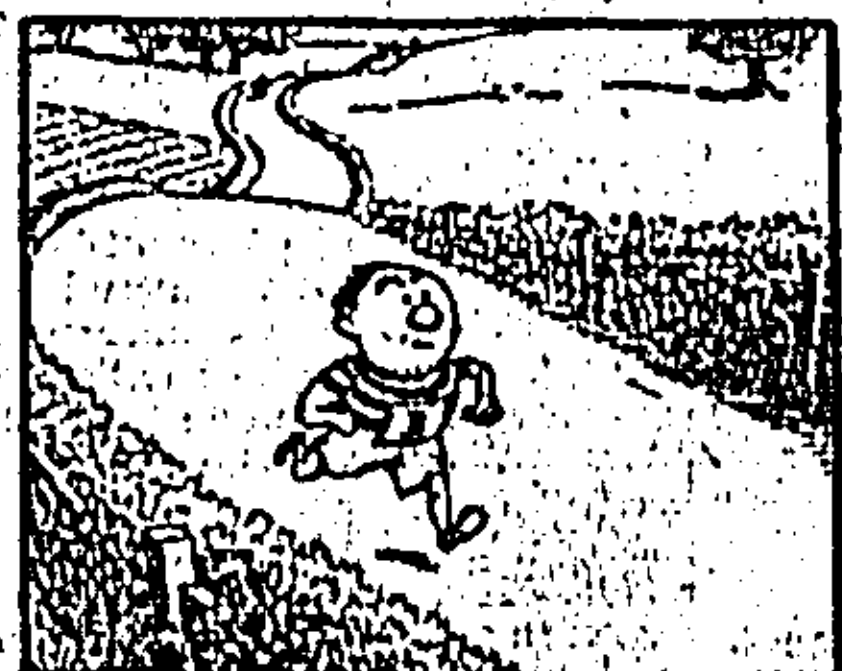
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SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



Are You Sure?

(Answers on Page 10)

1. The first Astoria was—American trading station, luxury cinema, Athenian treasure house?
2. To ride on the world's smallest public railway you would need to go to—Stam, Isle of Man, Kent, Minneapolis?
3. The stories of two of these operas are concerned with the kidnapping of a child by—William Tell, "Bohemian Girl," "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore," "Tosca"?
4. Not a map-maker's error. Twenty miles apart somewhere in England. Do you know the counties?



5. Since 1888 England and South Africa have played 64 cricket matches. Have most been—won by South Africa, won by England, drawn?
6. Suffolk Punch is—East Anglian breed of horse, knock-out blow?
7. Can you give these Cabinet Ministers their surnames—Herbert Stanley, Hugh Neale, Albert Victor, George Alfred?
8. The county towns of these counties all begin with the same letter—Dorsetshire, Durham, Berwickshire, Merionethshire, Down?
9. Bill Sikes is a character in—"The Old Curiosity Shop," "A Christmas Carol," "Oliver Twist," "Bleak House," "Pleasant Papers"?
10. To what religious orders do the following belong—(a) Grey Friars, (b) Black Friars, (c) White Friars?

EGYPT RESORTS TO BOYCOTT

Sabri Abu El Magd, Secretary-General of the Committee for Nile Valley Liberation, said recently that in response to the Committee's campaign for a boycott of British and American goods, three Egyptian business men had cancelled \$120,000 orders from the United States and applied to the Soviet legation for the same amount. He said that the Committee had asked the Egyptians to withdraw

Liftboy Says No To New York

By EVELYN WEBBER

New York.—John Massey, 15-year-old York liftboy, who was brought to New York by a rich American, has had enough in four weeks and is going home. He prefers York with only a shilling a week for himself to New York with "nothing to do but enjoy myself."

John attracted the interest of Dr Harold Strathairn, an American evangelist, when he could remember the forgetful doctor's room number at the York hotel where he was working.

Dr Strathairn arranged for him to come to America and have a first-class education. The neighbours in York, delighted at John's stroke of luck, gave him a watch as a going-away present.

Since he arrived here John has spent most of his time at a lakeside camp run by Dr Strathairn in a New York beauty spot. When I saw him he was sunburned from long days out of doors. He had just come back from riding in a motorboat worth hundreds of pounds, which he had varied with a little surf-boarding.

'I miss mother'

But he told me: "I don't like it here. I want to go home. I suppose I shall be sorry for leaving this place, but Dr Strathairn should have brought somebody who had no family. I miss my mother too much and want to be with her."

"I had a wonderful time at the camp. I had so much lemonade and so many sweets I was nearly sick. There was plenty of food and I had nothing to do but enjoy myself. But there was always the longing to be home. Nothing they have here is worth that."

His passage home has already been booked. And when he steps down the gangplank John will be bringing nylons for his mother and sister and the watch the neighbours gave him before he left.

"I don't know how I shall explain it to them," he said. "But if they want me to, I will give the watch back. I just didn't like it in America."

funds from foreign banks and deposit them in Egyptian banks, and to stop buying from any countries which failed to support Egypt in the dispute with Britain in the United Nations Security Council over the withdrawal of British troops from Egypt and the future of the Sudan.

—Associated Press

Condemned 'Blue Baby' Saved



Three-year-old Peter Gabriel (left), one of Britain's condemned "blue babies" until a few weeks ago, sat up cured in his cot in Guy's Hospital, London, six days after a successful operation and said: "I want my picture taken. I'm tough."

Specialists had told Peter's parents that he could not expect to live beyond the age of 15. Heart disease turned his fingers, ears and lips blue, and prevented him walking more than a few paces.

Then he heard that Dr Alfred Blalock, surgeon-in-chief of the Johns Hopkins Foundation in Baltimore, was visiting Guy's to demonstrate the "blue baby" operation which he invented three years ago. Peter was chosen for one of the demonstrations. Surgeons and students watched the famous American make the incision in the right wall of the boy's chest and take out the heart. It was Dr Blalock's 501st similar operation.

remove, and that while shaving against the grain takes off the whiskers rapidly, the man also runs a greater risk of cutting himself.

Casselman estimated that only five percent of shavers use up a blade with each shave, and said the average man gets 4.4 shaves out of a blade. He said that one in four shaves daily; beards grow 3 mm. per day, but faster in summer; they grow faster on the face than in the city.

Shaving Expert Gives Advice

Elbridge J. Casselman, 52, who in the last 15 years has conducted 25,000 shaving tests, has some advice for men.

In the first place, he says, a dry whisker is harder than annealed copper. Any beard, whether it be of the tough brunet type or the softer blond type, should be softened for at least three minutes. Any kind of soap will do, Casselman says.

A good blade and a well-designed razor are necessities, he says. He warned that the longer the shaver scrapes his chin the more skin he will

FROM HERE AND THERE:

FUN AND GAMES

Los Angeles: Mrs Jean Baclig has applied for the annulment of her marriage because she can never tell which of twin brothers is the one she married—and they won't tell!

POLAR OASIS

New York: Another oasis has been found in the Antarctic by an American Navy Expedition. It is near the Vestfold Mountains, about 500 miles west of the multi-coloured lakes discovered sometime ago.

IRISH INTEGRITY

Rome: Angelo Piperno, a Rome restaurateur known among gourmets as "The King of Artichokes," received a letter from a Dublin bank informant in 1938 he was among the winners of the Dublin sweepstakes and that £7,210 is kept at his disposal.

DANGEROUS SPORT

New York: The underworld has such a strong grip on boxing that the integrity of the sport is jeopardised, an investigating Grand Jury stated recently.

RECLUSE

New York: A Pennsylvania court received a complaint that Miss Mary Powers could not be persuaded to cash a cheque for £8,250. Miss Powers comes of English stock. She doesn't care about money for she has £4,000,000. In her early sixties, she has not been out of her five roomed hotel suite in 25 years. Still dressed in clothes of the gay 80's period, she

£12,000,000 Rocket Testing Range

Although the work is shrouded in secrecy, a portion of Australia's desolate interior is being rapidly converted into the Empire £12,000,000 rocket bomb range. It is believed it will be the only one of its nature and size in the world.

Realising that rocket experiments are vital, not only for war but for peacetime development of air transport and communication, establishment of the rangehead, about 120 miles northwest of Port Augusta, is being feverishly pushed ahead.

Port Augusta, a South Australian port and rail centre, has become Australia's latest boom town. Convoys of heavy road-making plant and trucks laden with range equipment daily congest its streets. Business houses are doing a roaring trade, particularly during week-ends when there is a heavy influx of workers from Woomera.

After extensive ground and aerial surveys had been undertaken, a site about 20 miles north of Pimba, a siding on the East-West railway, was selected for the rangehead. With a mean rainfall of less than five inches a year, the area is a most inhospitable region. It dips down from the stony Arcoona table-

land and in many parts is no better than a maze of treacherous-looking salt pans.

Selection of the site was influenced by its proximity to railway facilities and because it is less than 100 miles from the 250-mile Morgan-Whyalla water pipeline.

Work By RAAF

During the past four months a Royal Australian Air Force construction unit has almost completed an airfield capable of taking large freight planes. It has already been used by planes flying in equipment. Work is also well advanced on hangars and workshops.

Prefabricated timber houses and huts which provide for about 80 families at a township to be established at the rangehead are being sent north in steadily increasing quantities. Surveys are now being made for the construction of a spur railway line from the vicinity of Pimba to Woomera. School and other amenities, including a power station, are also planned.

For some years it is proposed to limit the range to a point short of the Central Australian Aboriginal reserve. Until control is perfected, only non-explosive missiles will be fired.

Because of recent developments in the design of rocket bombs, elaborate launching apparatus will not be needed by the big team of British experts in physics, chemistry, pyrotechnics, radar and radio which is being steadily assembled in Australia.

Security Measures

Ultimately the path of the range, which points across the continent, will traverse portions of three decades—the Great Sandy, Gibson's and the Great Victoria. This immensity of desolation stretches from the Kimberley in the far northwest almost to the Great Australian Bight.

According to preliminary estimates, operation and maintenance of the range will require about £3,000,000 a year. The estimated total cost will cover provision of the range, workshops and associated laboratories. A chain of radio observation posts will be established at intervals of about 100 miles along the 1,000 miles land path.

Elaborate precautions are being taken to prevent any leakage of vital information about the rocket experiments. None of the regular progress reports to the Federal Government are being committed to paper, and even boundary riders in the rangehead area are required to carry permits.—Reuters.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



THE BEACH HOLDS MANY FRUSTRATIONS... THE SAND-PAIL WON'T HOLD WATER, POP HOLDS NOTHING BUT FOOD AND THAT POSE (FLAT ON HIS BACK ALL DAY LONG)... WHILE YOU HOLD THE BAG...



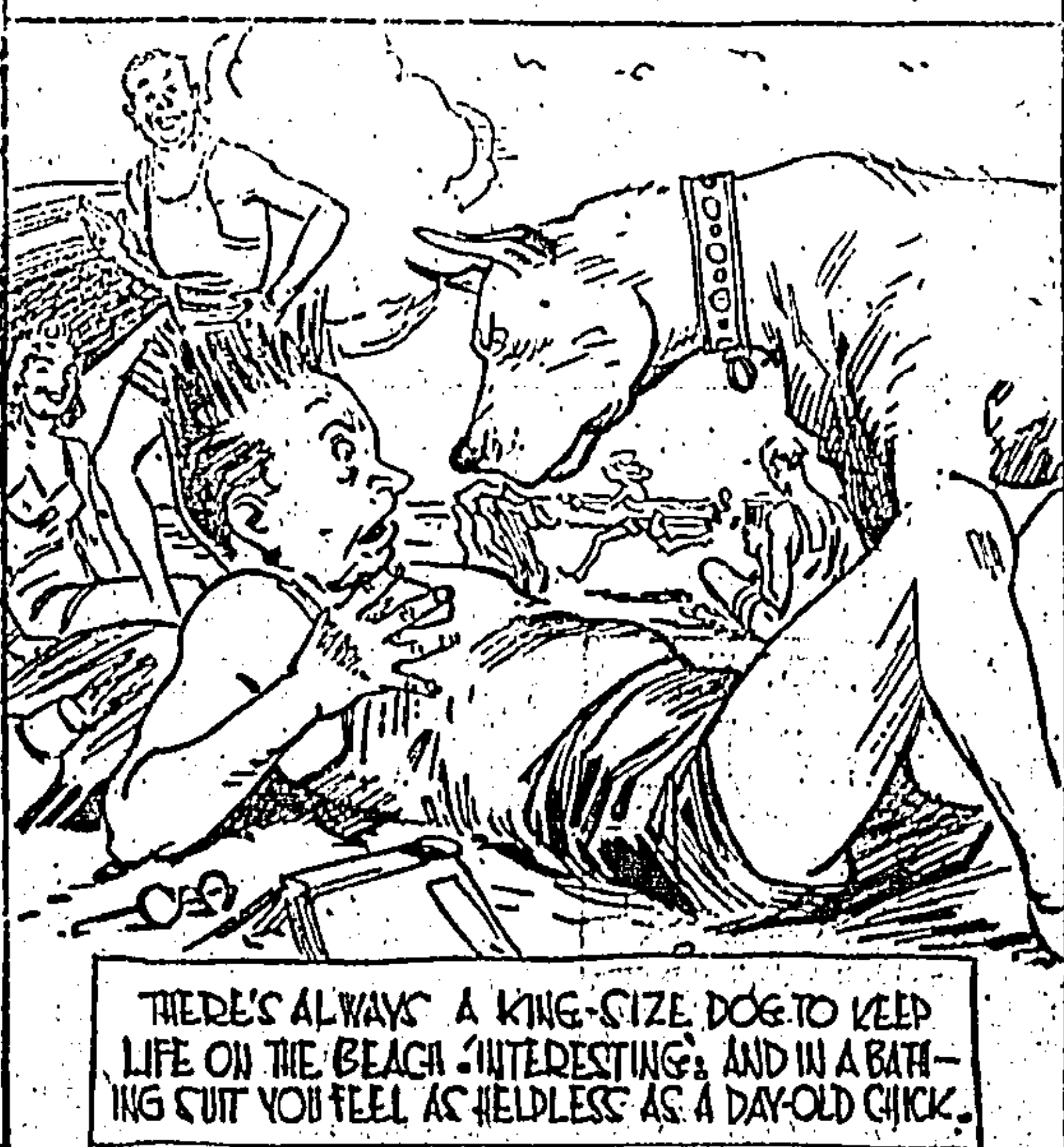
YOUR WIFE NEVER EXPECTS YOU TO BRING HOME ANYTHING FROM THE SEASHORE BUT SWIMBIRN... AND ALAKES OTHER ARRANGE MENTS.



IF THEY DON'T TREAD ON YOUR FACE THEY'LL STOMP ON YOUR STOMACH.



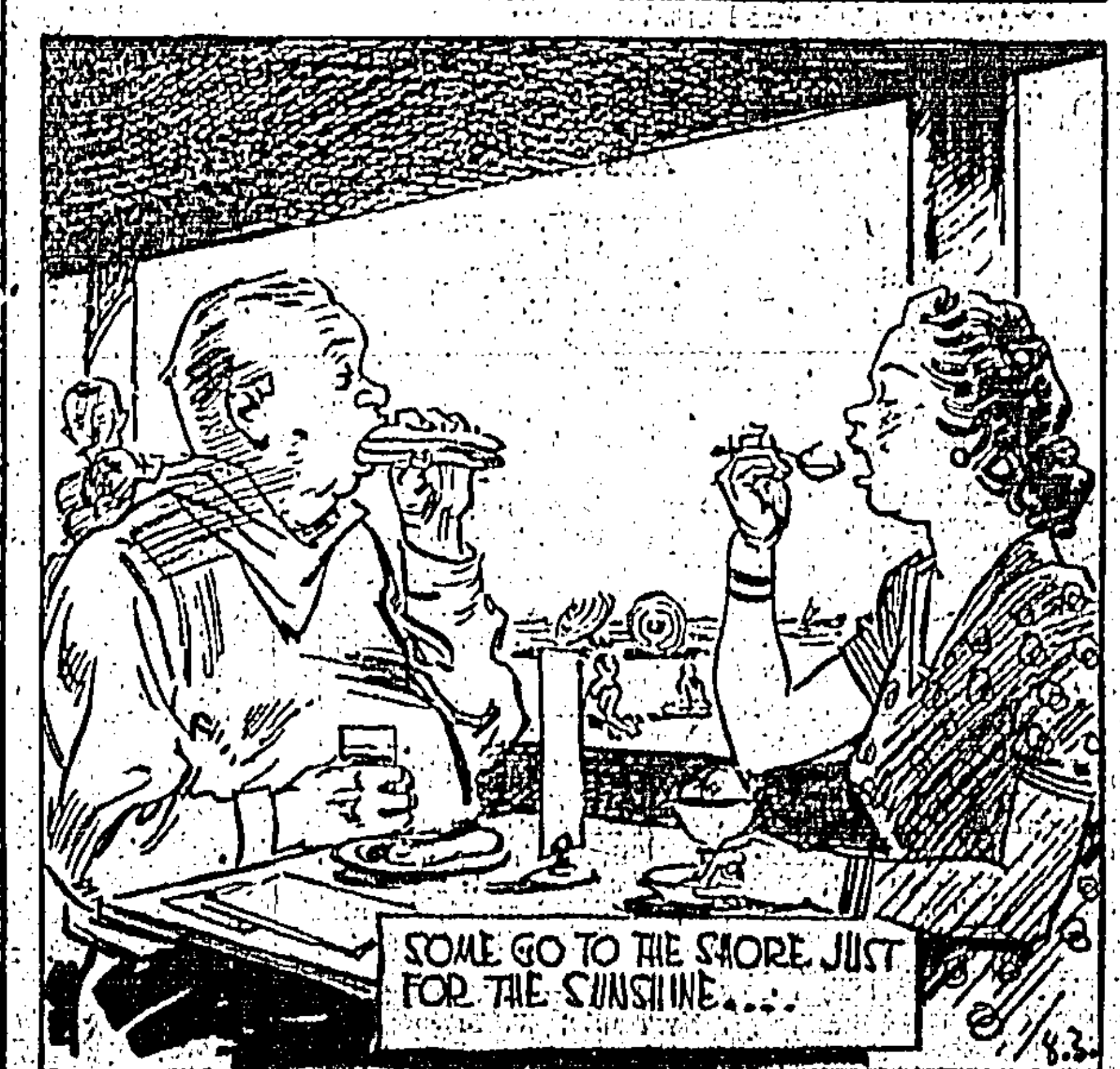
NO! YOU CAN NOT HAVE A HARD-BOILED EGG... YOU'VE HAD YOUR ALREADY! IT AINT LADYLIKE TO STUFF YOURSELF THAT WAY.



THERE'S ALWAYS A KING-SIZE DOG TO KEEP LIFE ON THE BEACH INTERESTING... AND IN A BATHING SUIT YOU FEEL AS HELPLESS AS A DAY-OLD CHICK.



THE LAD WHO HAD THE ILLUSION THAT HE COULD ESCAPE THE NOISE AND BUSTLE OF THE CITY ON A NICE QUIET BEACH... COMMUNING WITH NATURE...



SOME GO TO THE SHORE JUST FOR THE SUNSHINE...

'Sand Doin's'

By KEMP STARRETT.

UpSEY STOMACH?

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When children suffer from upset stomach, don't upset it further with drastic laxatives or antacids. Instead, try gentle, soothing Pepto-Bismol.

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Pepto-Bismol relieves distress, retards intestinal fermentation and gas formation, and helps to control simple diarrhea without causing constipation.

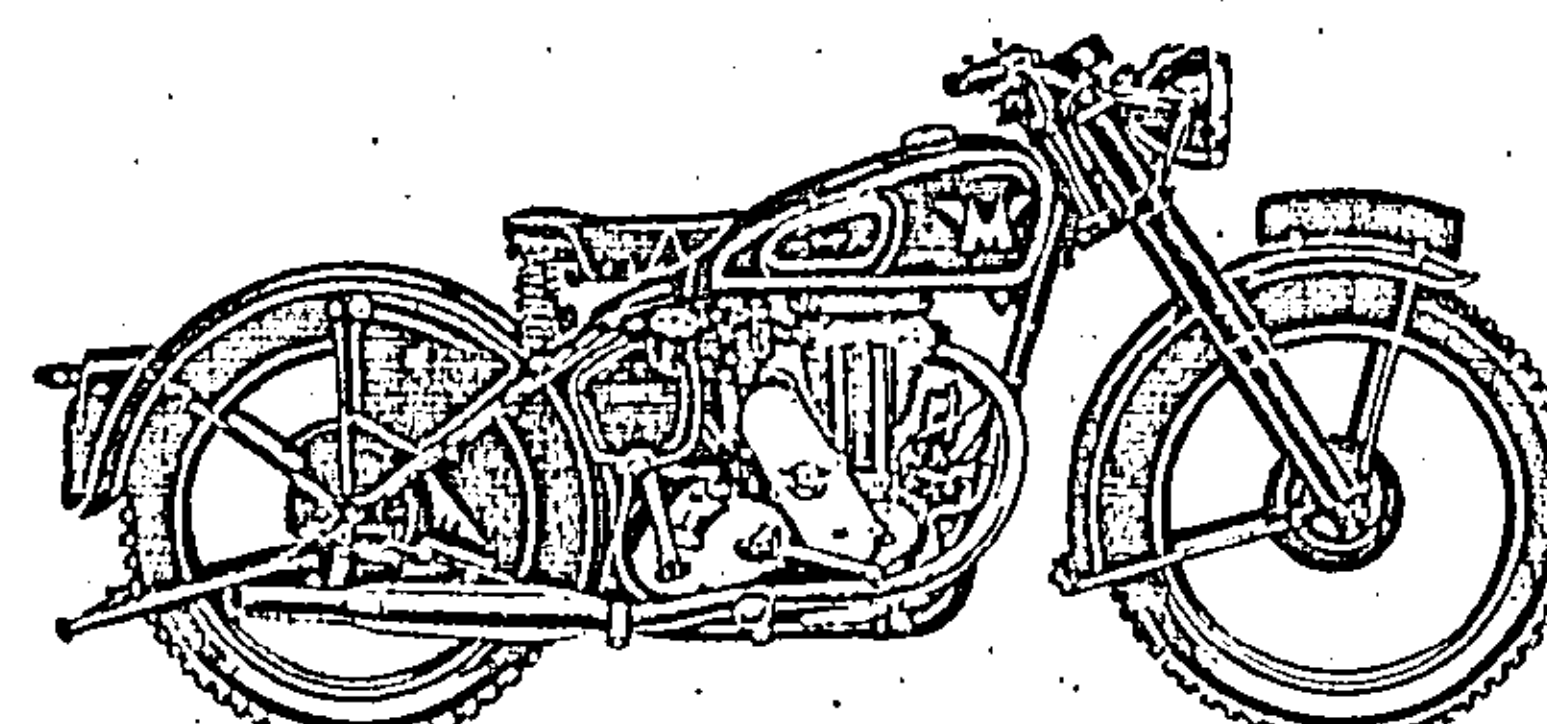
Children and adults alike prefer Pepto-Bismol because it's so pleasant-tasting.

Camphor	0.1%	Salicylic Acid	0.07%
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Disodium Subphosphate	1.75%	Medium Salicylate	0.03%
Bismuth Subnitrate	0.31%	Certified Color	Trace
Medicated Tablets	0.25%	Water	90.0%
Notable Bactericidal	0.05%	Total	100.0%

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FOR UpSEY STOMACHS

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I WATCHED THEM KILL

(Continued from Page 4)
I said nothing and after a silence the sahib said in a thoughtful voice: "I'll be damned! And after a further silence he added: "Here I am, sitting in an office in one of the great cities of the world. A man tells me that he has just been witness to a cold-blooded murder, and that instead of doing what any other citizen would have done anywhere else in the world—instead of giving the alarm or grappling with the murderer—he does nothing. He walks calmly away."

The sahib stared at me with puzzled eyes. "I'll be damned if I understand you, your country, or your people, Allah Bux. I try to. But I'll be damned if I think I ever will."

What could I say to the sahib? How could I explain that to have interfered would have exposed Nafisa and me to certain reprisal, that it would have been equivalent to signing her death warrant and my own? The sahib does not live under the heavy shadow that covers our lives. How should he understand? I don't understand it myself. I know no one who understands it.

ARE YOU SURE? ANSWERS

Questions on Page Nine.
1. American trading station founded by J. J. Astor. Now a city of Oregon. 2. Kent. Romney, Hythe and Dymchurch Railway. 3. "Bohemian Girl." "Il Trovatore." 4. Buckinghamshire and Hertfordshire. 5. Won by England. 20; S. Africa, 12; drawn, 23. 6. Breed of horse. 7. Morrison, Dalton, Alexander, Isaac. 8. Dorchester, Durham, Duns, Delgelly, Downpatrick. 9. Oliver Twist. 10. (a) Franciscans; (b) Dominicans; (c) Carmelites.

CROSSWORD SOLUTION

Solution of yesterday's puzzle:
Across: 1, Whitewash; 9, Yorker; 11, Dies; 12, E'en; 13, Drift; 14, Cad; 15, Gnatcatcher; 17, Edifice; 20, Olent; 21, Avar; 23, Silver; 24, See 1 Down; 25, Iced.
Down: 1 and 24 Across, Wild-geese chase; 2, Hydraulic; 3, Iodine; 4, Trifid; 5, Eke; 6, West; 7, Smear; 8, Handle; 10, Receiver; 16, Sites; 18, Fare; 19, Cede; 22, Roe.

THE BLITZ COULDN'T CLOSE IT

By ROBERT MUSEL

London.—A few yards from Piccadilly Circus is a little theatre with the proudest boast in all show business: "We Never Closed."

The Windmill Theatre, the only one in London to stay open during the entire Luftwaffe blitz, posted that sign even while the bombs were dropping.

Laura Henderson, the snow-haired little lady who owned the house, said: "Put it up. And I hope those blinking Germans fly low enough to read it."

Along narrow Great Windmill Street, where an ingenious architect squeezed the size of a two-family house, they were talking about Mrs. Henderson and recalling the days of the Windmill's wartime glory.

Mrs. Henderson died three years ago at 82. Joan Jay dabbed her eyes as she mentioned her. And the rest of the Windmill's undraped chorus line—well-known to most soldiers who visited London—were equally sentimental about Joan, last of the blitz veterans to leave the theatre.

Statuesque Miss Jay was off to get married.

Night After Night

"She's a link with the blitz," said Vivian Van Damme, who managed the theatre and inherited it from Mrs. Henderson.

"Kids like her, most of them only 17, went through every show—bombs or no bombs—and slept in their dressing rooms, a night after night, because there was no way to go home."

"We're not a pretentious theatre. We have a sort of variety show with very pretty girls and what nudity is permitted here. But we have more to be proud of than any theatre in all the history of the stage."

The Windmill was immortalized in a novel and a play, both called "Heart of the City," and a film, "Tonight and Every Night," in which Rita Hayworth starred. Miss Jay spent four months in hospital with bomb injuries and saw herself on the screen in the person of Janet Blair.

Van Damme admitted he was rather disappointed that Miss Hayworth, on her recent visit to London, could not find time to visit the theatre she helped to make famous especially as it was only a few minutes walk from her hotel.

Good Luck

The producer said he had no explanation for the Windmill's luck in escaping bombs that fell all around it during the war. But W. MacQueen Pope, historian of the British stage, has a suggestion.

"When the theatre opened in 1932," said Pope, "the entire staff lined up inside the lobby, which was decorated with potted palms. The manager blew a whistle. The doors swung open but there were no customers outside."

"Only a big mongrel dog who sniffed his way towards one of the potted palms. In show business they say that means good luck."

United Press.

Rupert and the Jumping Fish—36



Rupert is very worried. He goes to the merboy and gently shakes him. "You may be so weak because you haven't had enough to eat," says the little bear. "The only things I can find are nuts. Would you like me to try to break one for you?" The merboy feebly waves the nut away. "You're very kind, Rupert," he whispers, "but I've had plenty to eat. I'm not hungry."

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NANCY Somebody Has to Say It



HAM—ALL THE KIDS ARE JEALOUS BECAUSE I'M GOING AWAY FOR THE WEEK-END

Confessions of a CAD

HE was an ugly, fierce little man who wore high Cuban heels to make his stature more imposing. He was a cad with women, a bouncer where money was concerned, a blackmailer, a bonster and an enormous liar. He had a genius of discovering literary talent, and he found some of it in himself.

His name was Frank Harris.

He bounded into the raucous London of the nineties. Himself more raucous than anyone. He won fame as a man of letters who had been a cowboy.

He married a rich woman and bought the Saturday Review. He went into Society boasting that he had dined in every great house in London. "Yes, Frank, but only once," retorted Oscar Wilde.

For the Saturday Review he picked a truly dazzling team—Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Cunningham Graham, Chaimers Mitchell and D. S. MacColl. He dreamed of political power and, failing to reach it, won considerable influence in literature.

Tiring of his paper, he found buyers who were more anxious to acquire a medium of opinion than to examine its finances. Among the chief assets of the Review were three big advertising accounts:

1.—The Cafe Royal, where Harris had run up a huge bill for luncheons and dinners.

2.—A Bond-street coachbuilder, where Harris had bought a brougham and a victoria, and failed to pay for either.

3.—A gun-making firm, which had supplied Harris with a pair of sporting guns.

In each case, Harris's debt was being worked off through advertising in the Review.

THERE was worse to come, Harris, in selling the paper, had kept complete control for himself through an issue of 2,000 deferred shares. Another payment of £10,000 was needed before he parted with them.

As T. W. H. Crosland remarked, "I always admire Frank for one thing. He refuses to be poor."

In more straitened days, this refusal took the form of publishing, on the Continent, an autobiography which was banned as obscene in Britain. Harris asked a high price for copies. If there was any failure in delivery—clearly the fault lay with the purulent Post Office.

The autobiography was full of lies and love affairs. Now, under the title Frank Harris, His Life and Adventures (Richardson Press, 25s.), a new condensed edition appears. It contains a great many lies, too many love affairs. It is highly entertaining. And it will not be banned as obscene.

HARRIS, born in Wales, for some reason allowed it to be thought that he was born in Galway.

He was at school in Wales, but, in later life, wore an Old Etonian tie and spoke of his school days at Rugby. Considered too young (at 14) to make use of the scholarship for Cambridge which he had won, he ran off to the United States with £50 given him as compensation. He arrived just in time to help with the building of Brooklyn Bridge.

His adventures as an Indian fighter and cattle rustler were probably apocryphal, but he seems to have studied law at Kansas University, and to have been a reporter in Philadelphia.

Europe called. He reached it by two routes, westwards by San Francisco, and eastwards over the Atlantic alone. The two routes unite in Paris.

LATER he went to the universities of Heidelberg and Göttingen. Ever contemptuous of academic learning, he was able to instruct one German professor on the relative merits of Shakespeare and Goethe, and, at the request of another, addressed the class on the merits of chastity.

He swallowed 60 grains of belladonna, enough to kill 60 ordinary men, and, while visiting Greece, discovered the tomb of the Sacred Band of Thebes, a feat which history mistakenly attributes to Schliemann.

Such was the background, in fact and fable, of the young man who came roaring into London to edit its newspapers and outsmart its financiers.

★ A book of "lies and love affairs" That Britain once banned has now appeared here in a new edition.

Reviewed by
George Malcolm
THOMSON

In 1914 came the war which Harris had predicted in the Saturday Review. He went to America, where he ran Pearson's Magazine as an anti-British organ, thus reducing its circulation from 200,000 to 10,000.

When the United States entered the war, Harris was expelled. He went to live in France. When a movement against him grew up there, he sought the good offices of the British Ambassador, Lord Crewe, on the ground of his services to literature. As a consequence, Harris was granted a stay of execution until a government came into power in France that took a more lenient view of him.

A strange rogue. And the strangest thing about him is that he wrote one of the best English short stories, *Money for the Madlord*. Some people think even more highly of his novel about Chicago anarchists, *The Bomb*.

LIBRARY LIST

Lustre in the Sky. Countess Waldeck (Peter Davies, 12s. 6d.). Novel. Everybody knows that the Congress of Vienna had time for many things besides high politics. Everybody knows that the loves and the policies of statesmen were closely interwoven. Confirming these impressions, the Countess Waldeck gives a highly coloured account of the love of Talleyrand for the lovely Dorothea, his niece by marriage.

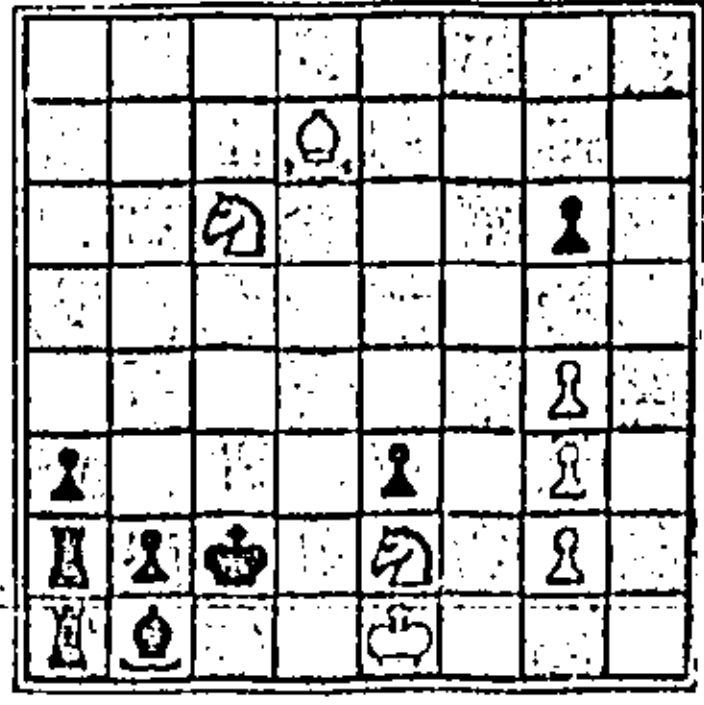
Towards a New Architecture. Le Corbusier. (Architectural Press, 15s.). "A house is a machine for living in." With this slogan on his lips, Le Corbusier set out twenty years ago to work a revolution in architecture. Here, in re-issue, is the book in which he did it.

Where Are We Heading? Summer Welles. (Hamish Hamilton, 15s.). Ever since Mr Welles stopped being U.S. Under-Secretary of State, we have been heading for trouble. That is what Mr Welles says, anyway.

CHESS PROBLEM

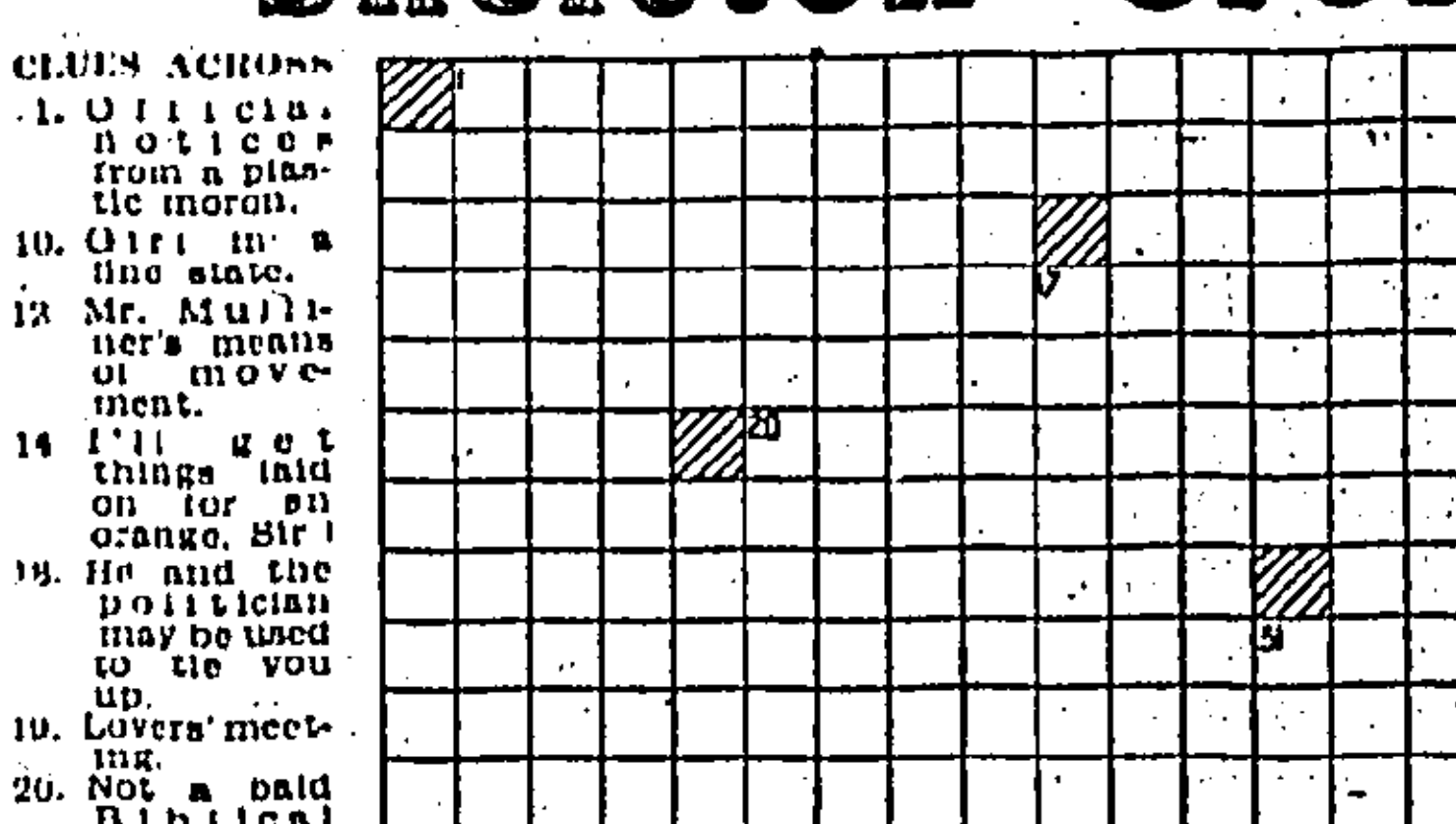
By A. W. GALITZKY

Black, 8 pieces.



White, 7 pieces.
White to play and mate in three.
Solution to yesterday's problem:
1. Q-KB1 any; 2. Q, Kt, or P mates.

Skeleton Crossword



CLUES ACROSS
1. Official.
2. Not a plastic material.
3. A kind of a bird.
4. Mr. Muller's means of movement.
5. Things said on an orange.
6. The politician may be used to the you up.
7. Lovers' meeting.
8. Not a paid character.
9. The Countess hears for Mr. Churchill's lion.
10. The big fellows in no great hurry.
11. Fashionable in a way, substantially are not? (three words).
12. Regrettable end.
13. Give me an American general.
14. If it comes to a fight, the merits of the Greta Garbo school of thought.
CLUES DOWN
1. Abyssinian chieftain of Eritrean extraction.
2. Fish to help with the housework.
3. A girl can lose her head in song.
4. Unfavourable word.
5. Follows Carl in Cumberland.
6. She doesn't sound like anybody at all.
7. Naval hero?
8. Angry way of looking that may impair your vision?
9. Take a turn past oil on a windmill.
10. Tedious.
11. Allowance for the U.S. general.
12. A ministering angel, she.
13. Mix your wings for strength.
14. One of Drury Lane's most famous girls.
15. How can I say?
16. Not a game in which double-dealing is usually sure?
17. I'm schoolboyishly pious about African soldiers.
18. Omnipotent.
19. He had a wife to be remembered.



McKENNEY ON BRIDGE

Ten Tricks Cold, But Takes Only 5

By WILLIAM E. McKENNEY

Relly	♠ 987	♥ 87	♦ 832	♣ K32
North	♠ 10654	♥ 32	♦ None	♣ 54
West	♠ 10654	♥ 32	♦ None	♣ 54
East	♠ 10654	♥ 32	♦ None	♣ 54
Declarer	♠ 10654	♥ 32	♦ None	♣ 54
Double	♠ 10654	♥ 32	♦ None	♣ 54
Pass	♠ 10654	♥ 32	♦ None	♣ 54
Opening	♠ 10654	♥ 32	♦ None	♣ 54

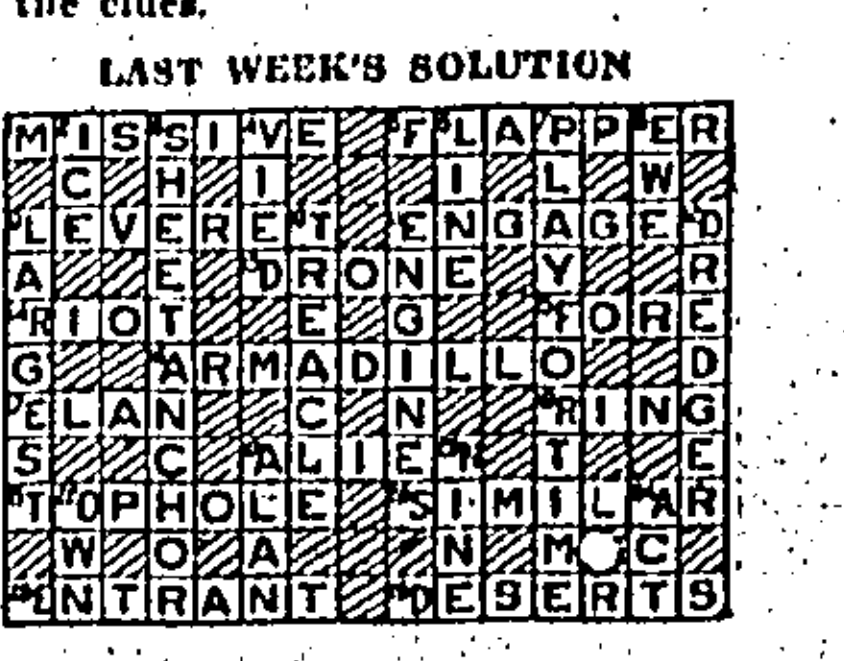
CHICAGO has developed some of the greatest card players in the country. I always rated Lou Had-dad of Chicago as one of the best rubber bridge players. Maxey Cohen, who died about 10 years ago, was certainly one of the greatest auction bridge players of all time.

The most colourful player was M. S. "Red" Relly, who still runs a bridge club in Chicago. One of "Red's" greatest assets was his ability to play fast. I asked him once if he was not afraid of dropping a trick or two when he played so fast, and he replied, "There is only one of me and two of my opponents. They will make twice as many mistakes as I will."

Today's hand came up in Relly's club. South was not worried about his contract of three hearts doubled, but you will be shocked to learn that he took only five tricks.

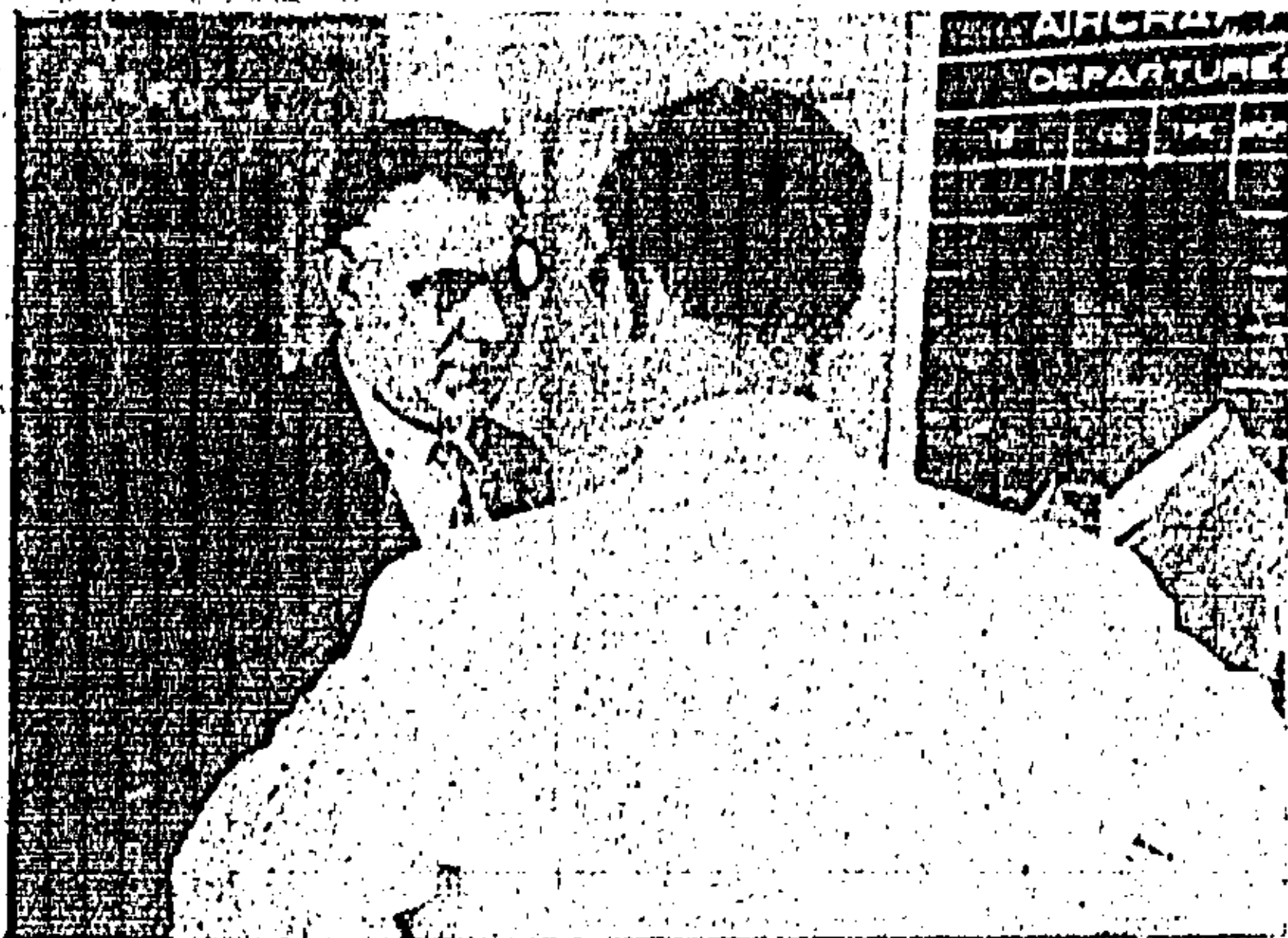
He ruffed the opening diamond lead, then cashed the ace, king, queen and jack of hearts. Over-looking the fact that East had never played a heart, South led the ace of spades. Relly (West) trumped it, and laid down seven diamond tricks.

Grimacing from ear to ear, Relly said, "Four-odd was too cold. All declarer had to do was to let me cash the first three diamonds, then ruff the fourth diamond in dummy, pick up my trumps and cash the rest for four-odd."

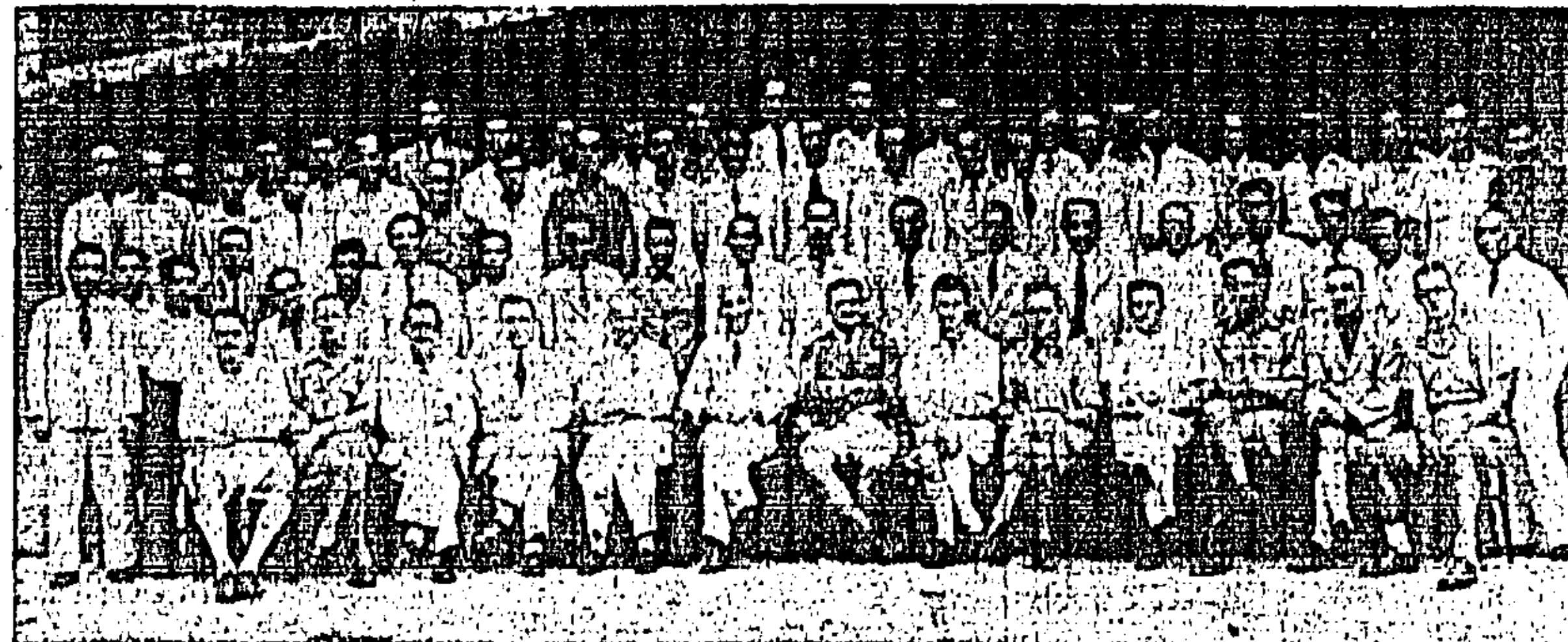
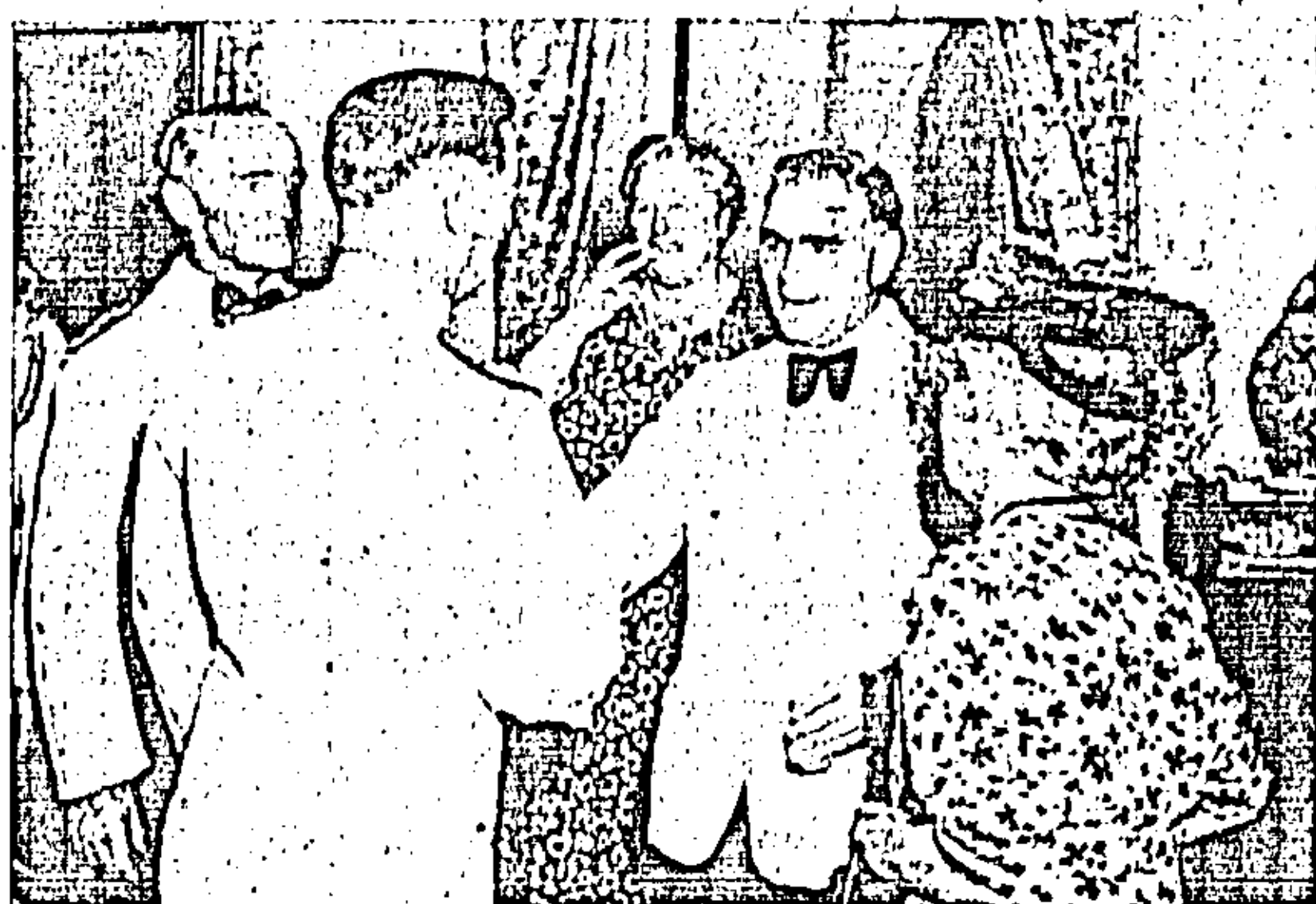


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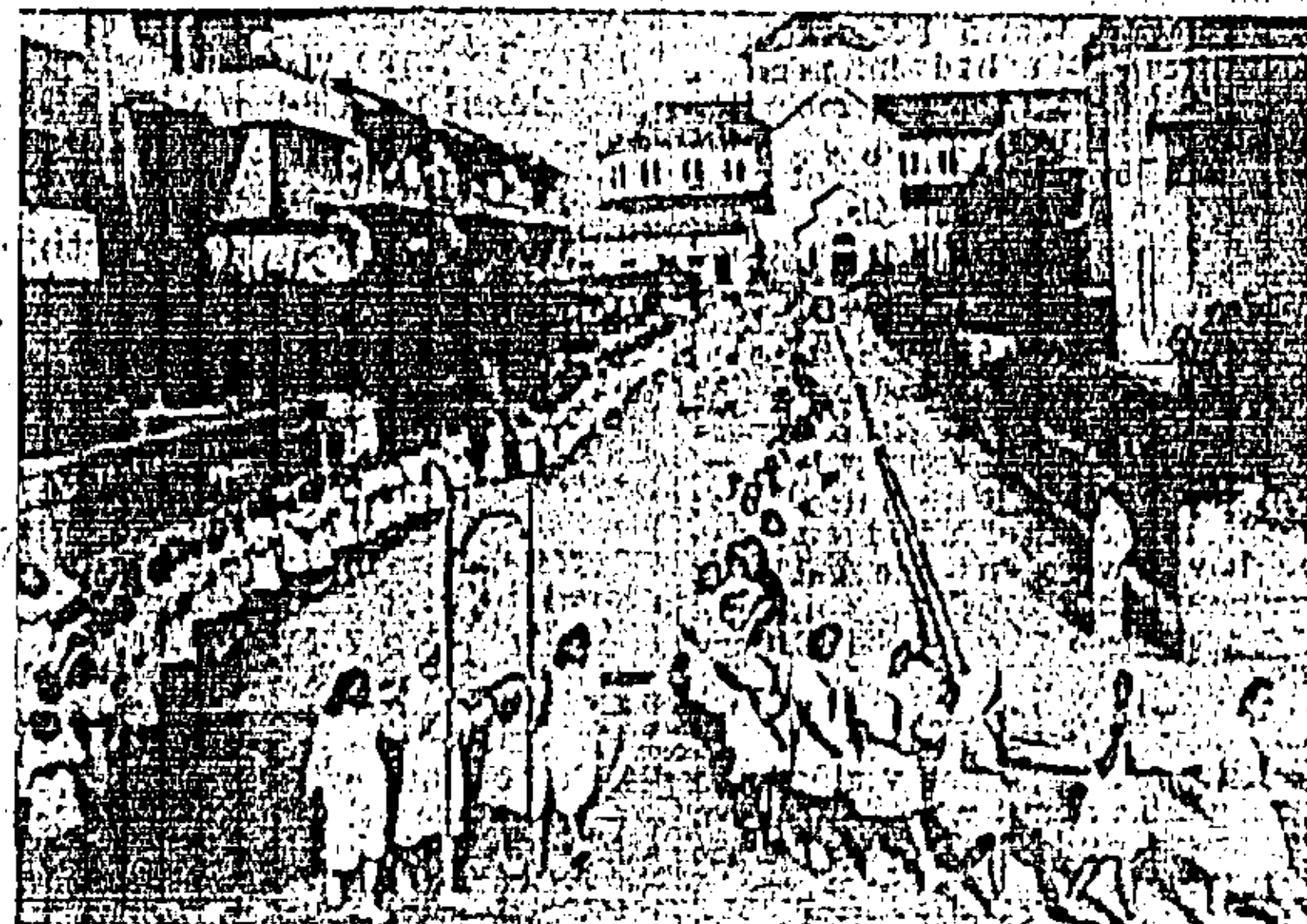
TELEGRAPH WEEK-END PICTORIAL



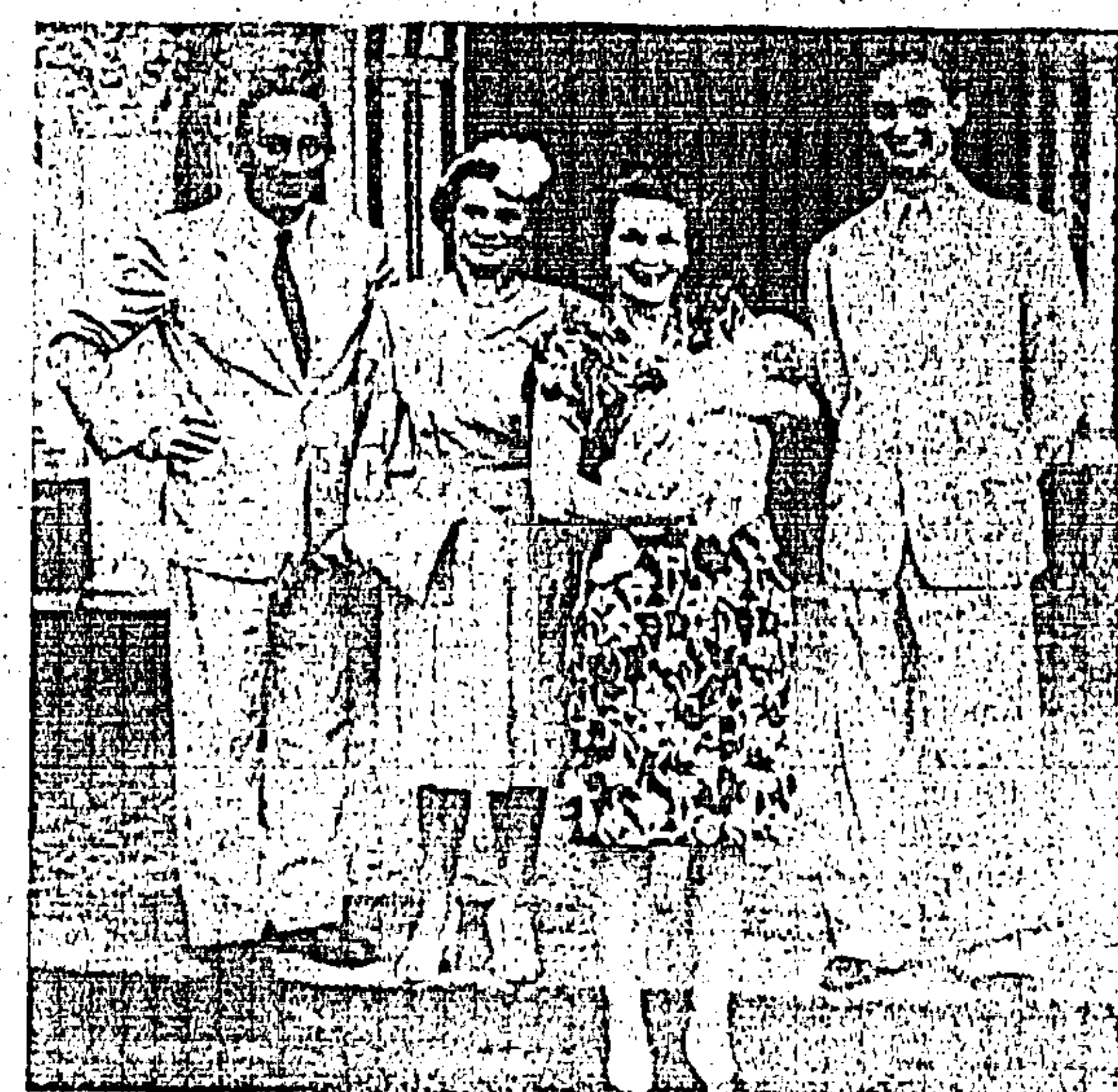
THE CIVIL LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, Mr. W. J. (Stoker) Edwards, arrived in Hongkong last Sunday. He is on an inspection of naval establishments here. Above picture, taken at Kai Tak airport soon after his plane landed, shows Mr Edwards chatting to reporters. The Civil Lord was entertained at a cocktail party on Tuesday by Vice-Admiral Sir Denis Boyd, Commander-in-Chief, British Pacific Fleet, when snapshot at right was taken. (Photos: Ming Yuen)



FAREWELL group photo taken at the Public Works Department last week on the occasion of the departure on retirement of Mr. E. B. Lambert, Superintendent of Crown Lands and Surveys. (Photo: Mco Cheung)



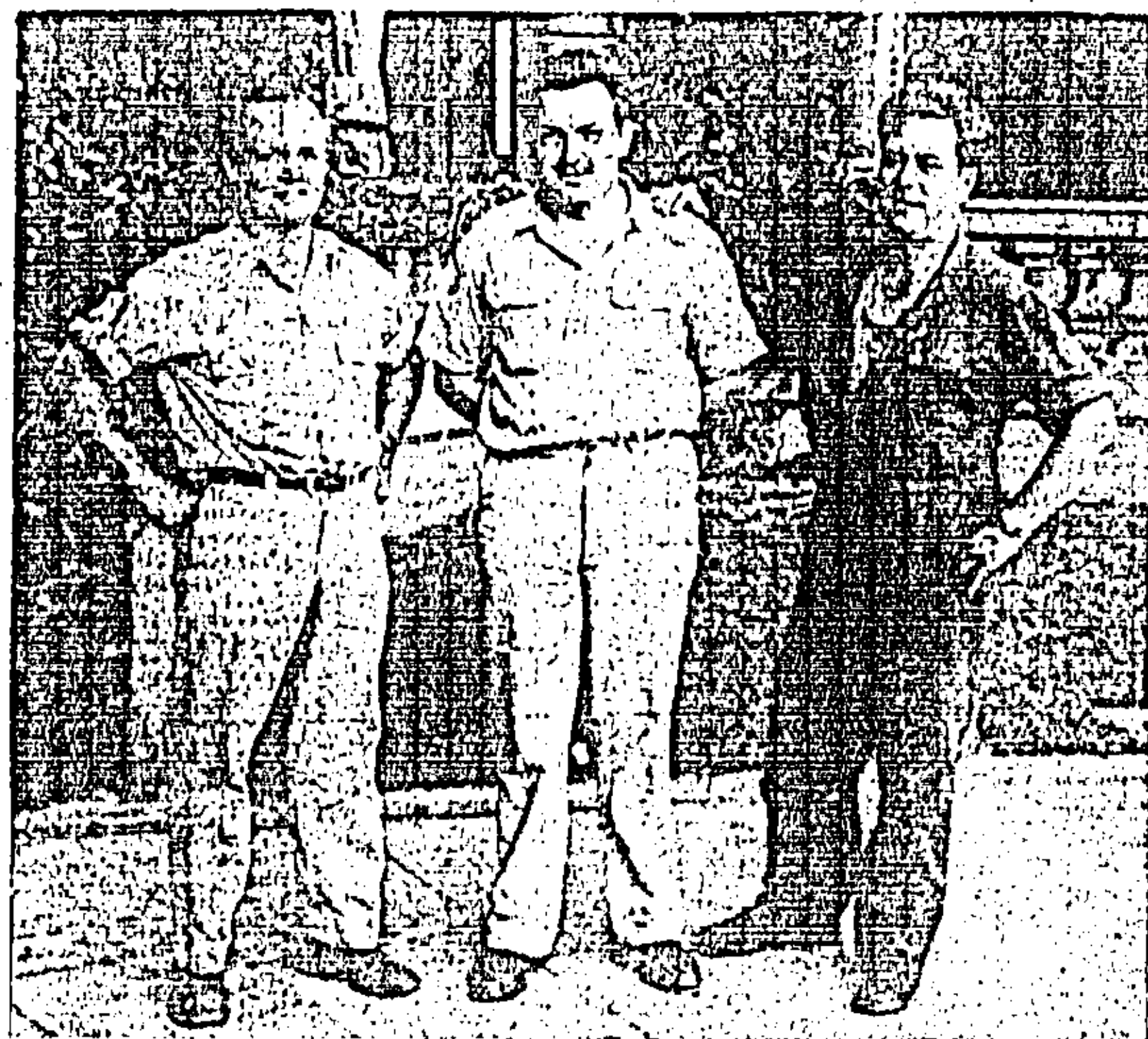
PROCESSION in Kowloon Tong last Sunday, when St Teresa's Church members celebrated the Feast of St Teresa of the Child Jesus. (Photo: Ming Yuen)



THE CHRISTENING of John Michael Donison, infant son of Mr and Mrs H. D. Bidwell, took place at St Joseph's Church on Monday. (Photo: Ming Yuen)



THE WEDDING took place at the Registry Office on Tuesday of Mr T. L. Knight and Miss Nadia Griffiths. (Photo: Mco Cheung)



ROUND THE WORLD FLYERS—Cliff Evans (left) and George Truman (right), who are flying around the world in a Piper Cub small aircraft, pose for the photographer with Mr Barney Farrier, of the Standard-Vacuum Oil Company, on their arrival here last Tuesday. (Photo: Ming Yuen)



MR T. K. WONG and his bride, formerly Miss Tsang Fung-kwan. They were married at the Registry last week. (Photo: Golden Studio)



PHOTO taken outside the Rosary Church on Monday after the marriage of Mr Joao Lucas, of Macao, and Miss Hernina dos Santos Oliveira. (Photo: Ming Yuen)



Stak-a-Dye Tubular Steel Chairs are comfortably resilient, strong and durable, extremely light in weight, and can be stacked vertically in considerable numbers which makes them ideal for use in Church and School Halls, Lecture Rooms, Youth Clubs, Dining Halls and other places where economy in space and labour are of major importance. Attractive non-fading plastic finish, in several different colour combinations.

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Sole Agents and Distributors

TEAM representing Victoria Recreation Club which won the Colony's ladies' 100 yards medley relay: (from left) Shauna Anderson, Colesto Guterres and Heather Anderson. (Photo: Golden Studio)

THUNDERBOLT, owned by Mr K. B. Lee, won the Vancluse Handicap (1st Section) at the Happy Valley races last Saturday to return the highest dividend of the day. The pony was ridden by Mr W. K. Shieh. (Photo: Golden Studio)



AT THE ROSARY CHURCH last Saturday, Miss Georgina Ann Han became the bride of Mr W. H. Bennett. Picture above was taken after the ceremony. (Photo: Ming Yuen)

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In Aid Of The Hongkong Society for the Protection of Children

Organised by The Women's Auxiliary THURSDAY 23rd. OCTOBER

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Franco Gaols Students

London, Oct. 3.—Margaret Richards, General Secretary of the National Union of British Students, has returned from a three-week investigation in Spain with the first complete story of what happened to nine Spanish students court-martialed for anti-Franco activity.

FRANCE TO GET AID IN FORTNIGHT

Washington, Oct. 3.—The U.S. State Department is planning to make aid, to the value of \$50,000,000, available to France within the next fortnight.

President Truman today held an hour-long Cabinet meeting to discuss plans for developing European relief and food conservation programmes. It is not certain at present where the new funds for France are coming from, but State Department sources believe that existing appropriations can be tapped to avert the possibility of a total halt of the shipment of coal and grain about which M. Georges Bidault, French Foreign Minister, warned yesterday. This aid to France, in addition to the \$93,000,000 France is due to receive from the gold looted by the Germans—now being distributed by the Brussels Tripartite Commission—is aimed at aiding over France until Congressional approval of the proposed appropriation of \$800,000,000 for France, Italy and Austria.

At today's Cabinet meeting, the President and his lieutenants studied the latest report by the President's Committee of economic advisers which is understood to give a reassuring picture of the way United States domestic economy can "stand" an overseas relief programme.—Reuter.

Revolution In Nicaragua

San Juan, Puerto Rico, Oct. 3.—The newspaper El Imparcial published a story today saying that "blood is running in Managua streets" and that revolution was spreading in Nicaragua.

The paper said its story was based on letters from high Nicaraguan sources received by Eva Arguilla de Garcia, daughter of Dr. Leonardo Arguilla, who was ousted as Nicaraguan President last May. They story said General Melanio Bonavides, director of the revolutionary forces, had smashed national guard patrols in the department of Chontales, killing a lieutenant and 14 men.

It added that the revolutionary movement was "growing" daily and that a country-wide commercial strike was being organised. Reports of revolution in Nicaragua circulated early last month.—Associated Press.

COMING TO THE



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The government prosecutor demanded the death penalty for five of the youths and 30-year prison terms for the remaining four, but the seven boys and two girls, possibly because British and American embassy observers were in the courtroom, got off with relatively light gaol sentences.

Miss Richards, representing the World Federation of Democratic Youth, went to Spain in August to attend the court-martial and examine the background of the cases which stirred protests from democratic groups all over the world. Originally, the World Federation of Democratic Youth had intended to send a delegation of seven, including two well-known international lawyers, but Spain refused to grant visas to more than Miss Richards. When Miss Richards reached Spain, she learned the Franco government had advanced the date of the trial and it had been held on July 28. Sentences had been announced and she was denied permission to visit the young prisoners. The two girls were in Ventas women's prison in Madrid and the seven boys were in the gaol at Burgos, probably awaiting shipment to the prison colony in the Canary Islands.

Three Targets

Miss Richards said she verified the following facts about what happened: The seven students, selected three objects in Madrid to bomb as a protest against Fascism and the rising cost of living. Isabel Toralba, who evidently was one of the leaders, secured three home-made petards about the size of hand grenades, and on the night of April 29, 1946, they split into three groups and headed for the targets.

Target number one was the Falange building on Calle de Trafalgar. A night watchman was on duty, so they moved down the street and put their tiny bomb outside a Falange children's restaurant as their second choice. The bomb spluttered, but did not go off.

Target number two was a confectionery store on Calle Bravo Murillo displaying black market food. A bomb was carefully placed in front of the window. It also fizzled but did not explode. Target number three was the Leonese Buttery on Pasco Reina Victoria. Two students carefully placed the bomb in front of the big plate glass, then ran. This bomb exploded, blowing out the window and damaging much of the merchandise in the store. No one was killed and two bystanders were slightly scratched.

Badly Tortured

Security police caught the two youths a few minutes after the blast, took them to headquarters where they were beaten with belts and whips until they disclosed the names of the other conspirators. The girls and the other boys were picked up the next day, April 30. Isabel Toralba, at least, was so badly tortured that she is mentally affected by the experience. A British Embassy observer told Miss Richards that Isabel cannot remember what happened to her during the period of her arrest and clung to the hand of a prison wardress like a child when he visited her.—United Press.

SILVER WEDDING

ANDREWS-WOODHOUSE—Arthur Albert Andrews to Edith Ruth Woodhouse at St Andrew's Church, Hove, England. On October 4, 1922.



"And what's more, I'm returning the frog you gave me!"

Yard Men Investigate BBC Talk

London, Oct. 3.—Scotland Yard detectives were reported today to have visited the British Broadcasting Corporation to inquire about a man who told millions of listeners this week that he could get them anything they wanted in the black market.

A record of the broadcast was played over to the officers, but the BBC said they did not know the man's real identity nor his whereabouts. He was introduced in the programme as Jack Smith and appeared to have every claim to be a genuine 'spiv' living on his wits.

Producer Joel O'Brien and BBC contributor Arthur Hallowell, an underworld specialist, were also questioned but without success. Londoners were puzzled at Scotland Yard's failure to investigate, at the time of the broadcast, as no secret was made of the fact that a reputed 'spiv' would appear in the programme. The Associated Press told of the impending broadcast last Sunday.—Associated Press.

FALSE ALARM

New York, Oct. 3.—The Trans-world Airline plane, which broadcast an SOS over the Atlantic early today while flying with 38 passengers and a crew of five from Shannon, landed at Gander airport at 12.39 p.m. today, the Airline officials announced here.

The pilot explained that the SOS was a precautionary message after the discovery of an air bubble in the fuel pipelines. The trouble lasted 30 minutes and the pilot later radioed the message: "Everything now OK."—Reuter.

Letters To The Editor

Aircraft Clearances

Sir,—With reference to your editorial on Air Services into China in your paper of October 2, may I call attention to the fact that the Chinese Government already demanded clearance for aircraft leaving Hongkong. Under a communication received from the Civil Aeronautics Administration, Ministry of Communications, dated August 29, 1947, and the special bulletin put out by the Shanghai Air Traffic Control (Notification and Requirement for International Flight, Paragraph 5), it states: "Any civil aircraft entering the territory of China from Hongkong, outer Mongolia and Macao Port, has to have approval and clearance before take-off." For several weeks past all Philippine Air Line planes proceeding to Shanghai have had to obtain this clearance.

F. W. KENDALL, District Traffic & Sales Manager.

Deputies Begin Talks On Italian Colonies

London, Oct. 3.—The Conference of special deputies of the Big Four Foreign Ministers to discuss the future of the Italian colonies opened today at Lancaster House with a call by Sir Noel Charles, the chairman and special British deputy, for as much speed as possible in the dispatch of an investigating commission to the Italian colonies.

In his opening remarks from the chair, Sir Charles welcomed the deputies and said that Mr. Bovin was pleased that the respective Governments had lost no time in arranging for these meetings of the deputies to set in motion the work of deciding the future of the ex-Italian possessions in Africa.

"We have one year to find a solution and Mr. Bovin feels that the sooner the Commissioners have their instructions to proceed to make their

investigations on the spot the better it will be, and more time can be given for discussions when their reports have been made.

"I do not foresee serious difficulties at this stage," Sir Charles declared, "and although November 15 has been mentioned as the date for the Commission to leave the United Kingdom, there is no reason why they should not leave earlier."

"Mr. Bovin holds that the preliminaries to be settled are not the important part of the matter and he shares the view, which I think my colleagues at this table also have, that these first necessary details of procedure should be fairly easy to agree upon."

List Of Subjects

The second meeting on Monday afternoon will deal with the following lists of subjects, that British thinks should be discussed:

1. Which of the Italian colonies should be visited by the four-power investigating commission laid down in the Italian peace treaty?

2. How many such commissions should be set up, and in what order they should visit the Italian colonies?

3. What should be the size and composition and scope of these commissions, and what instructions should they receive from the Conference?

4. Which Governments shall be considered interested parties with a right to be consulted on the Italian Empire as laid down in Annex 11 of the Italian peace treaty and how they shall present their views?

5. What programme shall be drawn up for the special deputies and the Council of Foreign Ministers so that, as required by the Italian treaty, a final decision can be reached by September 15, 1948?

6. Who is to bear the cost of the investigating commissions?

7. How shall communication be maintained with Governments such as Britain with whom they will need to get in touch?

Press Briefing

A proposal by the Soviet delegate, Mr. George Zarutskii, the Soviet Ambassador in London, that Sir Noel should be chairman for the coming week was agreed to unanimously.

It was also agreed that after each session, the delegations should permit press briefing and that the necessary agreed communications should be issued.

Mr. Waldemar Gullman, the United States Minister in London, disclosed that the American special deputy, the United States Ambassador, Mr. Lewis Douglas, now in Washington, hopes to reach London before the work of the Committee is over.

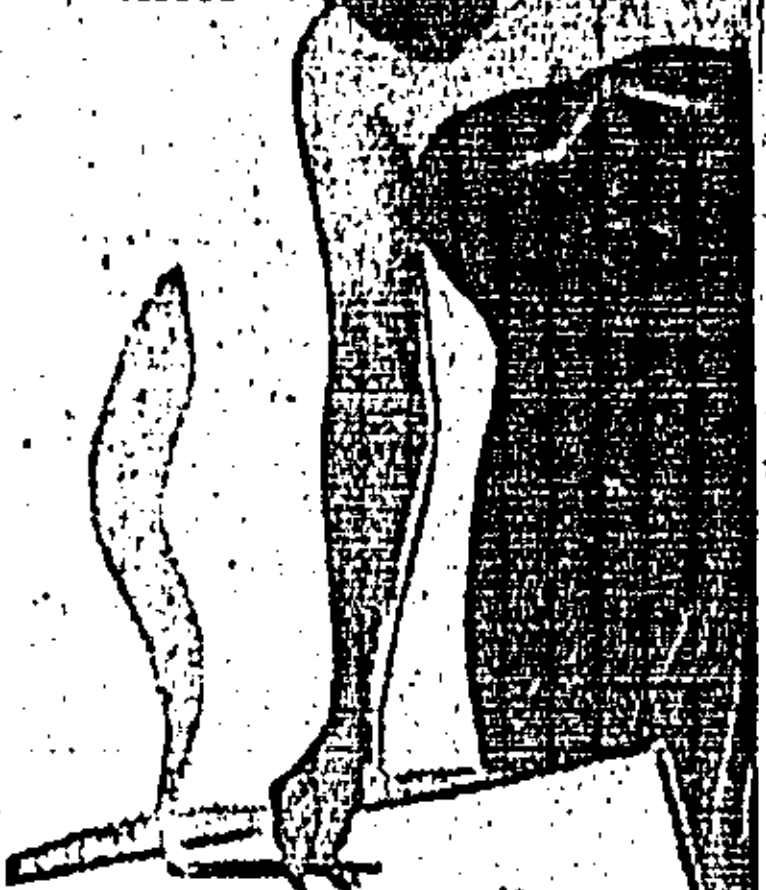
The French deputy for the conference is M. Rene Massigli, the French Ambassador.—Reuter.

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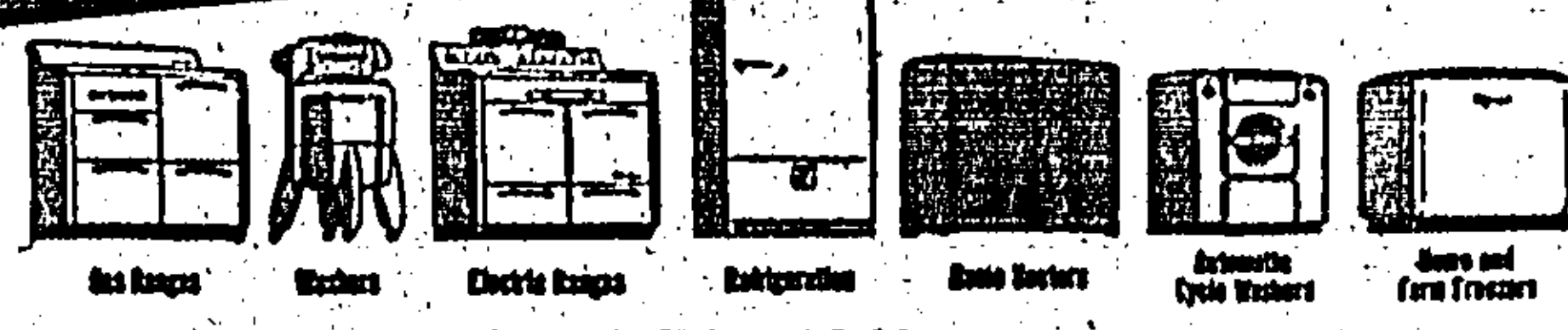
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